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Current Comments

LOVELY and beneficent was the life of Queen Alexandra, and her death breaks the last great link with the prodigious Victorian age. Her graciousness, her charm and her sympathy have been acclaimed in all sections of the national Press. The record of her life may best be described by a short quotation from the noble appreciation which Lord Rosebery wrote of the great Queen to whose son Queen Alexandra was so brilliant a consort: "Her sympathy was with all her subjects, she watched and fostered all good causes with maternal care. She was, indeed, the mother of her people. . . . She not merely offered the example of a pure and simple family life in the midst of a splendid court, but she animated the whole nation with a sense of sympathy and fellowship which proceeded from the throne."

Queen Alexandra

As, in recent years, our royal family has renounced more and more of its powers of active intervention in political government, so has it more firmly established itself in the affections of the nation through its influence for good by example and its devotion to all national interests. Queen Alexandra's share in creating this tradition of public service may be measured by the sincerity and the universality of the national mourning for her loss.

A FEW days ago Lord Derby announced his retirement from political life. This decision is greatly regretted in Lancashire, where he has been a most active leader of the Conservative Party. Thirty years have passed since he entered Lord Salisbury's Government, and during this long period he has faithfully served the King, the country, and, in particular, the teeming area which forms the Duchy of Lancaster. He has been a member of many Cabinets, and a successful Ambassador in Paris, but the best work of his life has been done in Lancashire. As Lord Mayor of Liverpool he was brilliantly successful; his civic spirit, his industry, and his accessibility endeared him to all classes of citizens. To those who know not Liverpool it is difficult to describe the splendid spirit which pervades and invigorates the Conservative organizations of that

Lord Derby Retires from Politics

great city. They are intensely democratic, and no favour is given to rank or wealth. Of all the honourable offices held by Lord Derby, the leadership of the Liverpool Conservative Party was the hardest to obtain, but the support given to him by that puissant body brought him place and power in the realm.

The loss which Liverpool sustains by Lord Derby's retirement follows the greatly regretted resignation of a much-beloved Liverpool member of the House of Commons. Mr. Rankin was the first soldier, since Agincourt, to be elected to Parliament from the battlefield. For nine years he represented East Toxteth, and the illness which compelled his retirement resulted from his war service. No politician can have received a greater measure of trust and affection than was accorded to him by his constituency. His ability, his loyalty, his innate distinction, and his instinctive sense of statesmanship revived the Canning tradition in Liverpool. May the precedent set by Canning prevail. When that great man resigned his Liverpool seat he intended to abandon English politics. But he was soon required to return to Parliament and office. It is to be hoped that Mr. Rankin's health will permit his early return to the House of Commons.

Lord Shuttleworth's advanced age and ill-health will soon necessitate his resignation from the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire. Lord Derby is the obvious and, indeed, the only qualified candidate for this post.

Armistice Commemoration

We are encouraged to hope from the change that has come over the spirit of Armistice celebrations that the outbreak of blatant vulgarity which followed the close of the war, largely due to the new rich and those who aped them, has, to some extent at least, run its course. It is a sign of grace that the protest against the desecration of Armistice Day, surely for ever to be reverently observed as a sacred commemoration of the million of our best who made the last sacrifice to defend our liberty, should have resulted in shaming the desecrators into deference to its sanctity.

The Boundary Fiasco

A strange fatality seems to dog the footsteps of Professor John MacNeill, the Free State representative on the Irish Boundary Commission. In 1916, when the Allies were at death-grips with the forces of Germany, Dr. MacNeill was the generalissimo of the Sinn Fein forces in Ireland. It will

be remembered that he mobilized his forces, or, at least, gave the order for mobilization, on Easter Sunday. After the order had been circulated Roger Casement was captured by the police on the West Coast, and the steamer which was sent by the Germans with arms was sunk. Dr. MacNeill evidently acted on the principle that he who forgets and runs away will live to fight another day. He did not fight: he simply cancelled his mobilization order. But James Connolly and the other extremists ignored him and went on with the rebellion. They were shot for their pains, but Dr. MacNeill lived to serve as a Minister of the Crown. The experience of 1916 must have made Dr. MacNeill nervous. It was certainly a surprise to read in the newspapers that the Boundary Commission was practically unanimous. Everyone was delighted, for it was felt that at last Southern Irishmen had got a gleam of common sense. There can be little doubt that the premature publication of the findings of the Boundary Commission did a lot of harm. Had it not been for the "intelligent anticipation" of a journalist the report might have been signed by the three Commissioners.

It is absurd to assume that the decision of the Commission was only known to Dr. MacNeill during the week he resigned. It is now clear that his resignation was a greater surprise to his colleagues than to the general public, who had begun to forget the Commission.

There was an idea abroad that everything had been completed, and that nothing more was necessary than to give the final touches to the report and to hand over the maps to the engravers. What had happened to drive Dr. MacNeill out of the Commission? The answer is easy. The Republicans and the anti-Ulster party started such a furore that the Free State Government took fright, and so Dr. MacNeill ran away once more. They are a very theatrical people in the South of Ireland, but their play-acting will not impose on anyone who has studied the question.

In 1920 the Loyalists of Ulster, who were quite satisfied with one Parliament for the United Kingdom, agreed to a settlement on the understanding that the six counties, with their two to one Protestant majority, were left out of the Dublin Parliament. It was only in the interest of peace that this agreement was made by the Ulster Loyalists. The Ulster Parliament was opened by the

King in person in June, 1921. Six months afterwards Mr. Lloyd George, despite promises to the contrary, entered into an agreement with men whom he had previously described as the "murder gang," which involved the setting up of a Commission to consider the Ulster boundary. Ulster refused to recognize the agreement that had been made behind its back. It was one of the conditions of this agreement that of the three Commissioners Ulster should nominate one. Ulster refused, and the result was that the Socialist Government passed a special Act giving it power to appoint the third Commissioner. The dice was loaded against Ulster, but as a result of the evidence the Commissioners were agreed that the claims of the Free State to three-fourths of the Ulster territory could not be substantiated. It was only when the wild men in the Free State began to shout that Dr. MacNeill and Mr. Cosgrave got into a panic and refused to have anything more to do with the Commission. It is a pity that the evidence was given in private, for the public would have seen that the vast majority of the Roman Catholics in Ulster objected to being put under the Free State. In one border district at the last election for the Northern Parliament this fact was clearly shown. At a certain polling station there were only 20 Protestant voters on the list, but 149 polled for the Protestant candidate just to show that they did not want to have anything to do with the Free State.

Nothing could be more absurd than to contend that the Commission had ignored the terms of reference. It adhered to them strictly in letter and in spirit, and it was just because of this fact that Dr. MacNeill was withdrawn. No sane person could possibly imagine that the idea of the Commission was to take Roman Catholics out of the Northern districts and leave Protestants in a Protestant district like East Donegal. It has been made abundantly clear that the idea of the Free Staters was not to readjust the boundary, but to destroy Ulster and force her thrifty, hardworking and loyal people into a Parliament which they loathe. The Free State scheme has gone agley, and the people of Ulster can afford to laugh at their blundering enemies who are now the laughing-stock of the whole civilized world.

The report of the two Commissioners will have the binding effect of an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and without Dr. MacNeill's signature it will become effective.

The boundary question may be regarded as settled, and the members of the Imperial Government must now direct their attention to Clause 5 of the 1921 agreement. The Free State has paid nothing for four years to the Imperial expenditure. It is time she was asked to carry out her bargain. Her debt is about £20,000,000.

The Misfortunes of France

No friend of France can regard her present plight, political and financial, but with feelings of grave concern. It is a commonplace that a country deserves the Government it gets. But the same might with truth be said of many of the ills which afflict individuals. In most cases, nevertheless, we do not on that account withhold our sympathy. France is suffering from a disease which has attacked many nations besides herself—the disease of democracy. Partly, no doubt, due to their own fault, but still more to another national disease, which under the new name of Bolshevism is to-day again active, the Revolution destroyed and exiled her natural governing class, or aristocracy. They have not been adequately replaced. Government has become the sport, the ambition and the happy hunting-ground of an intolerable number of groups, cliques, plotters, and counter-plotters. Purely financial influences are dangerously dominant in some of these groups. Democracy has utterly failed to achieve even its theoretical purpose, and is hopelessly bewildered. A system which results in a new Government every six months, or thereabouts, each one only maintaining a precarious existence by internal compromises and manœuvres, almost incomprehensible to the ordinary citizen, cannot last indefinitely.

The French nation is naturally law-abiding, patriotic, hard-working, and thrifty. It is imbued with the instinct which is probably the surest foundation of civilization, respect for the family. The average Frenchman being possessed of quick wits, intelligence, and excellent powers of expression, may like to exercise these gifts by more or less academic discussion of politics in a café. His favourite leader-writer will provide him daily with lively new material. But his real interests lie in his work and his family. The system of voting at general elections has produced farcically unrepresentative results, and tended to multiply the conflicting political groups, whereas the elimination of two-thirds of them could alone stabilize party government as it was in England until the advent

of a third party—Labour—and is likely to be restored by the disappearance of the Liberal Party and reversion to only two great parties in the State.

The very serious troubles in Syria arise from the appointment of a political general to a post of extreme responsibility, because a Radical-Socialist Prime Minister preferred an incompetent Radical-Socialist and anti-clerical to one of the several fine soldiers available. Even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would hardly have been guilty of such a blunder, or rather, crime.

French common sense may be able to rescue the national finances from the futilities of six-monthly, or monthly, Governments. It is not impossible that something useful may be accomplished by the establishment of a National Financial Commission, nominally, at least, independent of politics. The basic financial conditions of France are so sound, the individual Frenchman is so thrifty, and his financial outlook so sane, that, even if the present system of political government be swept away and replaced by one more autocratic and more in accordance with the spirit of the nation, France must emerge triumphantly to enjoy the prosperity which is hers by right, both of character and natural resources.

China

THE letter which we publish from Mr. Harold Balme, President of the Shantung Christian University, contains his reply to the article which we published last month by Mr. J. O. P. Bland, criticizing the educational and semi-political activities of missionaries in China. His most important argument appears to be that the progress made by China's intellectual leaders affords a real, if not the only, hope of better things. The evidence which he cites in support of this view is not convincing. Apparently the good influence is still all under the surface—part of China's "inner life"—and "has so far been barely felt in guiding China's political history"; yet we seem to remember that a good many Westernized intellectuals have taken a prominent part in politics since 1911, and even earlier. There is, at all events, no attempt to reply definitely to Mr. Bland's categorical assertion that the "patriotic Constitutionalists" of Young China "have never yet produced a leader, or even a prominent official, who has given any evidence of sincere political convictions, steadfastly directed towards definite purposes of constructive reform." Clearly, if there is to be any end

to the present political chaos and official corruption, the qualities which China needs most urgently in her public service are discipline and integrity. There is nothing to show that half a century of missionary teaching has produced these qualities to any noticeable extent.

It is true that the Christian and other colleges have turned out a number of intelligent young men, capable of drafting a model constitution (at an enormous cost), and codifying all sorts of laws, but it is common knowledge that neither constitution nor legal codes have any relation to the realities of the situation. Mr. Bland's opinion is not that of a distant observer, for he re-visited China four years ago for the purpose of making a special study of this question, with the result that his conviction was strengthened that the product of Western education in China is essentially a destructive and disruptive force. The article which we now publish from Professor Ross, of the university at Wuchang, would appear to justify this view; finally, the Consular Reports dealing with actual conditions (recently published in Blue Book, China No. 1, of 1925) make it very difficult to share Mr. Balme's optimism concerning the "civil progress" to be achieved by "the enlightened leaders of Chinese thought."

Christmas Appeals

If the forthcoming Christmas season be spent more quietly than the last, owing to the Court mourning for Queen Alexandra, we may express the hope that a part of the resultant money saving will be devoted to deserving charitable objects. Particulars of three well-known charities will be found in our advertisement pages. On behalf of the National Institute for the Blind, Captain Towse, V.C., its blind chairman, makes a touching appeal in his own handwriting which, as our readers will see from the photographic reproduction, is more legible than a good many letters they receive from persons whose eyesight is perfect. As Captain Towse lost his sight twenty-four years ago in the South African War, this effort of his, the best of half a dozen on separate sheets of paper, is a unique feat. Appeals often fall upon deaf ears; this one at least will reach eyes that are not blind and many hearts that are not hard. We are asked by this noble institution gratefully to acknowledge a gift of £2 from one of our readers last month, who gave no address and signed "Scotswoman."

Another seasonal appeal is that of the Church Army,

which has undertaken to provide 40,000 poor children with a really good Christmas dinner. Ten pounds will pay for 200 dinners, and 7s. 6d. for a parcel of welcome Christmas fare in the home of one poor family.

A third appeal, no less deserving, is on behalf of the *Arethusa* training ship and the Shaftesbury Homes which, to carry on its good work, needs another 1,000 supporters. Its highest recommendation is its record: 10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. 9,000 boys have been trained for civil employment, and many hundreds have been successfully assisted to emigrate to the British Dominions. It is impossible to conceive of a work more patriotic, or of greater benefit to the Empire, supporting at once its maritime defence and trade, and helping to people its oversea Dominions with the British stock upon which the continuance of their loyalty depends. The president is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the patrons their Majesties the King and Queen. Addresses to which cheques or postal orders should be sent will be found in the respective announcements in our advertisement pages.

Hunting in the Good Old Days

In these times when we hear it costs a man £10 every time he goes out hunting, when 300 guineas is asked for a horse, when princely wages are paid to grooms, and unspeakable corn bills are owed, we contemplate with feelings of almost painful envy one Mr. Draper, who flourished in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, somewhere near Beverley, in Yorkshire. Mr. Draper hunted a pack of excellent foxhounds, kept his carriage and four, entertained his friends each hunting night, brought up and launched in life a family of a dozen, and his income never exceeded £700 a year. In such splendid order was his sporting establishment maintained that it became a seminary for would-be huntsmen, and even grooms came from afar to serve without wages so that they could learn their business where it could best be taught. Happy Mr. Draper!

The following interesting letter has been unearthed, and is addressed to "Sir Henry Slingsby, Bart., Member of Parliament at Westminster":

Nidd, February 24, 1736.

Dear Sir,—Upon Monday last I found in Jibbet Whinbed a brave old dog-fox which made us a most shear and noble run. The hounds went off with him at his very brush, and had not one default in the whole chase

which continued two hours upon extremity and killed him fairly above ground. We were eight in company and five was in at his death, and I was one of those, which pleased me no little. I believe I shall try for the Goldsbro' fox to-morrow, which I found upon last Monday night in Caris Whinbed, and the hounds went off with him at his Britch again, but it was a prodigious high wind and rose higher after we found him, and the fox making for Lylands was unfortunately Brunted by some Hegers which turned him back for Goldsboro' where we could neither see the hounds for cover nor hear them for the wind, nor ride for the deepness of these grounds, therefore as by good luck, we met them in full chase and got them all off but one couple which we see got away with him, but we could not get them off, nor would not let the horn go after least we might lose the whole pack, it being the highest wind we have had this year. So this old devil had luck on his side and continues yet conqueror, but if I happen to find him to-morrow and lie as near him as I have these last two times, I think I shall stand a good chance for killing him as my hounds are in rare blood and in my whole life I never seen them better than they do now. Therefore doubt not for to show you good diversion your next season which is the wish and always will be the endeavour of dear Sir, Your humble servant, J. T. TRAPPS.

The letter is spelt and punctuated as in the original. Two of the coverts, Jibbet and Lylands, will be recognized by anyone familiar with the York and Ainsty country. Trapps was Squire of Nidd, now Lord Mountgarret's residence. Goldsbro' is, of course, Princess Mary's home. The pack were probably the forerunners of the York and Ainsty. Sir Henry Slingsby was member for Knaresborough in several parliaments, and died in 1763.

Rima or Rimmon?

THE protest against the Epstein atrocity in Hyde Park, far from dying down as was predicted by those superior persons who can only see beauty in ugliness and refinement in bestiality, has gathered such strength and volume that the authorities must bow to it. Why should some obscure officials in the Office of Works be endowed with authority to make London hideous? Are they the same who proved their artistic incompetence by vulgarizing the finest prospect in London (on the Embankment) by a vast, irritatingly, intermittently illuminated advertisement of an American tooth paste? The committee responsible for the selection of Mr. Epstein's nightmare in stone could doubtless secure from the Russian Government a suitable site in Moscow, close to the mummy of the late lamented Lenin, for the erection of a new Temple of Rimmon, seventh in order of the hierarchy of hell, and there enshrine his hideous masterpiece as, perhaps, the most famous example of a great sculptor who has sold his artistic soul to the devil.

Submarine Ethics

By Ernest Remnant

EVEN the proposal to abolish submarines put forward by Lord Balfour and Lord Lee of Fareham at Washington hardly evoked as much sympathy in this country as the recent appeal by Mr. Mackinnon, the chairman of Lloyd's. The nation was deeply moved by the tragedy of M1 and the loss of sixty-eight splendid men, every one of a quality we can ill afford to lose. National grief for the bereaved families was no mere sentiment of convention; it was so real that millions felt an additional pang in that they were unable personally to express it.

It is the more necessary, therefore, to be assured that, in our haste to subscribe to a proposal obviously inspired by the noblest of motives, we do not allow ourselves to be carried by a wave of emotion on to those still more cruel rocks of reality which so frequently wreck measures prompted rather by sentiment than by logic. I am conscious that even this slight attempt to present the other side of the case may give deep offence to many and that some may even regard it as advocacy of the worst of the German war philosophy expounded by Nietzsche, Bernhardi, and others. Let me at once, therefore, divest myself of at least the more abhorrent half of such a charge and, unpopular though it may be, invite cold reflection as to what remains.

The (let us say, pre-war) German philosophy of war may be summed up in three postulates:

1. That war was a biological necessity.

2. That war offered "glittering prizes"* to a people so eminently warlike, and should therefore be their constant aim.

3. That all and any means to victory were justifiable.

* The author of this phrase, Lord Birkenhead, was most unjustly accused of using it in the positive sense in which it might have been used by Bernhardi.

It is impossible to compare this very definite creed with English doctrine, because it is doubtful if any generally accepted conception of the subject existed in England. But it may be said of (1) that, apart from a few philosophical scientists with whose lucubrations on the problem not one Englishman in a thousand is familiar, this aspect of war had never been considered in England at all. We are content to leave such mysteries to the inscrutable workings of Providence. (2) That war is desirable or even justifiable, except either in self-defence or punishment for aggression, is a sentiment utterly repugnant to the British people, and I trust that no word I write on the subject of submarines will lead anyone to suppose that it is otherwise less execrable to me. (3) The morality of using all means to victory is characteristically not a subject of philosophic speculation amongst Englishmen, and their instinctive predilection for fair play naturally renders repellent to them any new invention which violates the rules of the ring, or the football field. As regards the broad question of the usage of weapons and methods of warfare there is, however, in fact, consciously or unconsciously, very little difference between the views of any nation, at any rate when it is actually in the throes of a desperate conflict. War has become a matter of life or death.

Certain of the criticisms of Mr. Mackinnon's declaration are so unworthy as hardly to deserve reply. It has been suggested both that Great Britain as the greatest maritime nation has more to gain by the abolition of the submarine than any other, and is not therefore a disinterested advocate; and that Lloyd's as the greatest marine insurance institution in the world would thus be also the greatest loser from submarines. The naval history of Great Britain, the predominant naval power for centuries, is the best answer to the first insinuation. No power has ever been used more justly, honourably, and humanely. Our representatives went to the Washington Conference prepared to scrap all our submarines at a time when we had an overwhelming superiority in this arm. As to the pecuniary interests of Lloyd's they rest necessarily upon a strictly economic equilibrium between revenue and risk. Fire insurance would disappear if the

possibilities of fire were abolished. Submarine risks in war are covered by commensurate premiums. It might more truly be argued that the continuance of submarine risks will preserve for Lloyd's a source of revenue which otherwise would vanish. But everyone who knows Mr. Mackinnon and the traditions of the great institution of which he has the honour to be the chairman, or who has been privileged to discuss with him the appeal which he issued with the approval of his colleagues, knows that he was actuated only by the highest and most humane motives in the sincere belief that one of the horrors of war could, and should, for ever be abolished.

Without embarking upon a discussion of the more recondite problem of whether war is, or is not, a biological necessity, it is permissible to raise the much simpler question as to whether it is possible to transform war from a brutal reality, a ruthless contest of strength, into a polite game of international chess in which it is incumbent upon both sides to avoid a definite conclusion seriously disastrous to the enemy. The knights who fought with lance and battle-axe at the Battle of Creçy were outraged to discover that a small contrivance beyond reach of their weapons, discharged deadly balls of iron at them with disastrous effect. They doubtless expressed the view in the equivalent language of their day, that cannon were not "cricket." A howitzer cut in stone marks the memorial at Hyde Park Corner to the gunners in the late war. The famous death-dealing scheme of Lord Dundonald which the British War Office of his time declined to put into practice, and was, even in the late war, only adopted in self-defence—gas—is now recognized as a weapon which may be outlawed at Geneva or The Hague, but yet one virtually impossible to suppress. Every dictate of humanity would excommunicate the use of poison gas as decidedly as submarines, but—war is war.

The Declaration of London which my late colleague, Mr. Harold F. Wyatt, was so largely instrumental in defeating, was a pseudo-humanitarian attempt (inspired by Germany) to minimize the horrors of war by securing immunity for neutral merchant vessels. Most unwisely and disastrously its provisions were revived by Sir Edward Grey (now Lord Grey of Fallodon) at the com-

mencement of the great war. It is no exaggeration to say that this misconceived measure of humanitarianism prolonged the war by two years at least and cost therefore hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of lives, not only to the Allies but almost equally to the Germans in whose favour it was supposed to operate.

It is doubtful if an instance of the voluntary abandonment of any mechanical invention, either warlike or otherwise, can be named unless it has been proved to be inefficient or superseded by a counter-device of superior efficiency. The awful toll of the submarine in the late war leaves no doubt as to its efficiency. There are happily, however, strong grounds for the belief that our counter-measures of defence will have approached perfection before it is tested again.

One of the early destroyers broke her back in a trial trip in the North Sea. The navy did not scrap destroyers. The development of railways was not stopped because Huskisson, one of the pioneers, was run over and killed. Aviation has claimed more lives in its peace-time development than submarines. It will cost many more, but it will not be abandoned.

An aerial torpedo will be as deadly as one from a submarine, and the aeroplane will be even less able to rescue the crew. It has not been suggested that aerial torpedoes should be banned, and it is quite certain that no such ban could be made effective while aeroplanes exist.

For obvious reasons the universal suppression of aviation could be more certainly effected by mutual agreement than the abolition of submarines. Its power of destruction is infinitely greater than that of submarines and enormously outweighs its somewhat doubtful material advantages to humanity. Where are the advocates of this vastly more effective means of restricting war?

If it be argued that a submarine can approach unobserved, then the ambush, one of the oldest stratagems of war, must be prohibited. A submarine is merely a ship taking cover, equivalent to Wellington's "other side of the hill."

Why are submarines worse than mines? A submarine can at least select its target. A mine cannot.

As war becomes more and more mechanized, scientifi-

cally ingenious, and a contest of skill and brain, it will tend to give the advantage to the survival of the fittest in these attributes, and it would seem to be futile to hope that we can revert to the competition only of big battalions or brute strength. Evolution in this direction is inevitable, whether we like it or not, and there is no reason apparent in the late war to fear that the British race will not maintain its superiority.

Modern war has entirely changed its character as compared with the wars of history in that it is now a contest of life and death between nation and nation—men, women and children—and no longer merely a war of armies in a more or less isolated theatre.

It has thus become a purgatory which no nation can long endure and survive. On grounds of humanity alone it is to be hoped that when the curse next falls upon the nations the trial will be short, sharp, and decisive. The prolongation which would result from humanitarian restrictions can only prolong the agony, with a correspondingly greater sacrifice of life. The rapid destruction of opposing forces is unquestionably the quickest, and therefore the most humane, way of ending a war.

The evolutionary development of the science of war inevitably produces a counter-measure of defence against every known method of offence. No sooner is it perfected and its efficiency proved than new means are devised to defeat it. For centuries the main power of the British navy has been that of blockade. The logical answer is the submarine. It is certain that other nations will not forego their most effective defensive arm so long as we maintain the right and the power to blockade them. Even if, therefore, we could secure the abolition of the submarine by international agreement, and ensure its scrupulous observance, which is extremely doubtful, it is certain that it would only be at the price of the surrender of our right to blockade—a sacrifice of infinitely greater moment than uncertain immunity from submarines.

So far I have dealt with the general, broader considerations. I will conclude with one or two of the more particular. In August last an article was published in this REVIEW on "The New Outlook in the Mediterranean."

No one who read that article or who is conversant with the facts can doubt that the French decision at Washington not to abandon submarines was dictated by the sincere belief, very difficult to dispute, that the protection of their long, exposed coastline, together with the necessity of maintaining communications with Northern Africa, vital to them in war, could only be secured, while the possibility of hostile submarine attack existed, by an adequate or superior strength in this weapon. Does anyone deny that this danger exists, or even that it will be removed by a self-denying ordinance of the greater Powers? Similarly, while Turkey and Russia remain as they are at present, incalculable factors, beyond the pale, but always capable of attracting the same German skill, direction, and capital that at present enables Czecho-Slovakia to reap great profit from the supply of munitions to both the belligerent forces in China, is it not evident that they constitute a grave menace both to Mediterranean and Baltic shipping? Are the small States bordering Russia to abandon what they rightly regard as a most effective means of defence?

It is commonly suggested that the Locarno Pact has rendered all such considerations obsolete. I venture to suggest that it has hardly affected them. France would doubtless be as ready as ourselves to abandon submarines if in so doing she were assured that she was not giving up an essential means of defence. Is it possible yet to give her that assurance? I think not, and while the possibility exists of any nation including submarines in her armoury none will voluntarily abandon them.

In September last a plea for the abolition of submarines by Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, M.P., capably reasoned, was published in this REVIEW. As always, its pages are open to the expression of both sides of any important question on which opposite opinions are held, equally entitled to respect. The views I have here set forth may not be popular. If they are wrong, they may have helped to a true judgment by drawing replies of greater weight and carrying greater conviction. The only useful function of a review is to precipitate the cloudy liquid of public opinion into the solid of reality.

"Gradualism"

By The Hon. R. Erskine of Marr

RECENT movements in politics have given birth to a number of new terms having to do with that science. Some of these have already passed into general currency; and at the present conjuncture the mint of expressions of this kind would appear to be more than commonly busy. The revolutionary movement in Europe has generated a vocabulary, if it has not raised up a separate language, all to itself. Almost is an interpreter required in order to explain to us what the Bolshevists of all countries think, and would be at.

Amongst the verbal flotsam and jetsam which the troubled seas of contemporary politics have cast up on the shores of political theory and practice, is this expression "Gradualism"—or the even more insidious "Inevitability of gradualness." A "Gradualist" is a person who desires to travel towards revolution by easy stages, and by a safe conveyance; and this leisurely and safe method of political locomotion he styles "Gradualism." Apparently, we are indebted to the Labour Party as well for the term as for the policy the expression denotes. The odd thing about the whole matter is that, so far, neither Press nor public would appear to have grasped the significance (and the humours) of "Gradualism." To say truth, the advent of the new word and policy has been attended with little public commotion. Apparently, there is no accounting for the occurrence of popular taste in such matters: one expression (seemingly the most trite and banal that can be) will be warmly taken up, but another (in which the opposites of these qualities are observable) will be coldly left. In politics, catch-word coining, slogan-making, and formula-hunting, are processes as uncertain as winner-finding at horse-racing.

But though, to all seeming, "Gradualism" may be dead or moribund, yet were it an error of the first importance to mistake its present slumbers for the sleep that has no waking. Though the word itself may never attain to the vitality of a popular political battle-cry, yet the policy it represents has, thanks to the exigencies of a political party, already entered upon a course of active public life. "Gradualism" has become a mean to particular political ends. If not explicit, it is at all events implicit in the philosophy of a great political party.

Policies and programmes of immense purport in that province must wait for fulfilment upon its motions, now and in the future. In fine, it is time to debate "Gradualism" with more candour and more attention than have been used in such vicarious discussions of it as have yet occurred.

In the first place, it is natural that those who think to have recourse to "Gradualism," in order to bring about the political ends they propose to themselves, should be silent, rather than vocal, witnesses to its merits and advantages. The word itself suggests notions of a certain leisureliness of political action, which can be but little agreeable to those whose political sentiments and convictions, compounded in a hurry, take their nature from that circumstance. The more immediate and pressing the need of political reform is imagined to be, the more distasteful to those who so judge will seem any way or method of reaching it whose essence consists in a gradual approach to the reforms they desire. It is probably because the leaders of the Labour Party are aware that "Gradualism" as a means to political ends is little likely to blow up the coal of party enthusiasm that they say little about it in public. That "Gradualism," however, is now indeed their chosen method of political locomotion, may be deduced from some of the speeches made at Liverpool. Moreover, so much is to be inferred from the whole tendency of Labour politics, and the general drift of political thought in that particular province. In fine, though word may not actually have gone forth from headquarters to the effect that the less said publicly about "Gradualism" the better, yet there would appear to be on foot in that quarter a general "conspiracy of silence" touching it. Necessity, which is as much the mother of invention in politics as in other theatres of human thought and action, has given birth to "Gradualism." To eager expectation, the appearance and seeming constitution of the bairn may be disappointing—a thing as little apt to engender enthusiasm in the watchers by the cradle as in the crowds without which impatiently await the public showing of the promised babe. Still, a bairn of sorts it is; and in these days of political sterility and birth-control, he who is mindful of small mercies is truly wise—yea, though the gifts of Providence should come to him in forms and shapes that leave him inwardly little thankful.

Reflections touching "Gradualism" somewhat like to these are, peradventure, uppermost in the official Labour mind at the present conjuncture. But, after all, the thing which matters in this connection is not so much the Labour attitude towards its own offspring, as the temper, parts, genius, and potentialities of the little stranger himself. To change the figure, soon or late the day must come when the conspiracy of silence I have spoken of will be dissipated, and the present object of it will itself become articulate, besides being a cause of unbounded loquacity in others. When that contingency shall come to pass, what effect will "Gradualism" have on the political fortunes of the party which thinks to secure its ends through the channel of the policy I name?

Some of those who wrote betimes about democracy, said that jealousy was like to be the chief weakness of that policy, but now it would seem that it is susceptible to other ailments no less destructive of health, and prejudicial to sustained effort. Among the more considerable of these ills is to be reckoned the seeming impossibility of preserving a political secret in face of the mob. Jealous of its own rights, and tender of its own pretensions, democracy has declared emphatically against "secret diplomacy," and now it would seem that the analogous process of planning a political campaign in private, and determining in like manner the principles on which political action should proceed in public, has also come under the ban. Thus, the lot of those to whose hands the destinies of political parties are entrusted, under democracy, is little enviable at the present time. No longer may statesmen hope to concert their measures in secret, and to preserve them undiscovered to the public eye until such times as the conjunctures favourable to those schemes shall come upon the carpet, and the hour for the fulfilment of their plans shall strike, as the party-managers and wire-pullers of old were privileged to do. Instead, they must perform all openly nowadays; show the Whigs how precisely they mean to dish them, and, in a word, act politically in all respects as he should do whose house is made of glass. The science of politics, according as that matter was imagined, and set forth, by Machiavelli, is plainly out of date; but it is very noticeable that the successors of "the Prince"—those, that is to say, upon whom the conduct of modern democracy is charged

—have no sufficient guides to teach them how to avoid the inconveniences and disabilities of the system they support, and doubtless adorn. There is no book that I am aware of which teaches statesmen how temporarily to screen their plans from the gaze of a too curious Press and public, and, further, how to disappoint cherished democratic principles whilst at the same time they do the utmost lip-service to them, and improve their own approaches to fame and power. It may be objected that in respect of neither of these nor any similar forms of political activity is there cause to believe that modern politicians require the least formal and detailed instructions; but though that should be the case, yet it must be allowed that rules and hints such as the Florentine drew up in honour of his favourite tyrant, some one of to-day similarly gifted and similarly inspired to politics as he was, should set about to put together, to the end that the new science of politics may be rendered as theoretically perfect as the old, and dictators and democrats indifferently afforded that "equality of opportunity" which it is everywhere the professed object of democracy to set on foot.

But, till the collection of counsel, rules, and maxims I glance at above shall come to pass, it is plain that the princes of the Labour movement, as those of the other political parties, must make shift to do without it. Socrates says somewhere that although no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, yet everyone thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, that of government. The reflection I quote might be true enough in those days, but, in these, hardly is it to be reckoned so. The science and art of governance have become greatly simplified by reason of the fact that, under democracy, the responsibility of proposing measures, as indeed that of actual rule, is shared by many, and is not, as it used to be, the precarious duty and dangerous privilege of a few. It is true that a multiplicity of cooks does not necessarily entail that the consequences of their united efforts shall be tolerable; and, as regards a superabundance of them, I am aware that there is a popular saying to the opposite effect. But community and publicity have at least this advantage over particularity and privacy of effort, namely, that if

the brew which many cooks compound happens to turn out ill, in that event, it is less easy to detect and punish the offenders—to apportion and adjust the responsibility of blame in respect of the mishap—than it would be were a single cook employed. And, obviously, the more cooks there are, the greater becomes the difficulty I speak of, and, consequently, the smaller the chance of saddling each with his own proper share of the common guilt.

Now politics, which are a game, resemble cooking in this respect at least, namely, that where many have a hand in it, and no privacy or secrecy whatever is employed, politics become as it were a common responsibility, and failure to do well at the game is made the concern, not of a handful of players only, but of all; for, in the event I speak of, the common interest plainly consists in disregarding or concealing, or making light of, the misfortune that has occurred to all. In this way, and in this sense, then, the rule of multitudes, under democracy, is easier by far for those who practise it than governance of the same by a few under dictatorships, or, indeed, under any other form of absolute government.

But let us return to "Gradualism," which consists in overturning the settled constitution of a country, not by violence and armed force, but by the deliberate and systematic employment to that end of the forms of the constitution against which it is exerted. Thus, though in a measure "Gradualism" may be "constitutional," inasmuch as its sphere of action lies within the circumference of the constitution, yet, in effect, it is just as much the reverse as the other sort of political action alluded to. In fine, the only real difference between the two separate methods or processes is this, that whilst one intends revolution by means of the bomb, the other contemplates the same end through the channel of the ballot-box. Armed revolution is admittedly sharp medicine; but that of "Gradualism" is no less searching. Because "Gradualism" is designed to act slowly, and to do its work by peaceable means instead of by violence and all of a sudden, is no just reason why it should be regarded as less drastic than the other, or as less injurious to the constitution against which it is exerted.

Undoubtedly, the familiar precaution of taking the temperature of the political waters before deeply com-

mitting oneself to them, has, ordinarily, a deal to commend it. Mr. Lloyd George, face to face with the very considerable opposition aroused by his latest land-reform proposals, has explained that in conducting a rousing campaign in support of them he did but intend, by drawing public attention to the ills under which the industry of agriculture presently languishes, a much-needed service to it; from which we are free to conclude that if the stock of the proposals in question continues to go down in the political market, in that event Mr. Lloyd George will cease from crying it up, and, similarly, if "Gradualism" shows signs of raising up more enemies than friends to itself in the constituencies, the party which has placed it there will doubtless erase it from its programme, or at all events so soften and dilute it as to render it little distinguishable from ordinary political flapdoodle. And here, indeed, is one advantage which the modern practitioners of politics enjoy over their forerunners of old. If the democratic horse refuses to drink of the political waters it is invited to imbibe, the condemnation of those waters, as unfit for consumption, is all that is required to re-establish friendly relations between the horse and its custodians. It is difficult for the political fishermen always to foretell with success the motions of the shoals where the prey, in the shape of votes, is thickest; but, to change the figure, it is always easy for the political huntsman to call off the hunt from a chase which promises more of danger and difficulty to himself and his followers than to the quarry.

Familiarity is apt to breed other sentiments besides contempt. Vicinity, and the passage of time, joined to a discreet and conciliatory carriage, cause us, on occasions, to tolerate the presence of persons and things which, did they impinge upon us in any other manner, would be little tolerable, if not positively repugnant. Thus, the cautious and unostentatious introduction of "Gradualism" to the programme of a powerful political party may be the means, in course of time, of so familiarizing the public with its presence in practical politics as to render it if not pleasing to the constituencies, at all events a matter of good-humoured indifference to them. And in politics, as in love, the path to success is often paved with sentiments that are the reverse of those which, in the event, prevail.

The Myth of "Hands Across the Sea"

By David Harrison, LL.D.

It is a curious feature of post-war England that while our relations with European countries, especially France, Germany, and Russia, have excited the liveliest controversy, there is a surprising unanimity wherever America is concerned. Politicians and newspapers differ acutely as to our European policy, yet at the mere mention of the "mighty republic" all discord is hushed and our leaders and press unite to praise that "great democracy," and extol the benefits of Anglo-American friendship. Thus we are constantly reminded that the "English-speaking peoples" have innumerable common ties of kindred, language, religion, and culture—that together they can police the world and rescue a Europe fast tottering to destruction. These effusions generally end in a tribute to the high idealism (that inevitable catchword) of America, which a materialistic England is bidden to emulate if she can.

It is not the purpose of this article to advocate anything but goodwill between this country and the United States. In a world still staggering after the greatest war in history any movement which makes for international harmony should be encouraged. The fact that peace has been unbroken between the two nations for over a century affords a sound basis for a friendship that may play a great part in preventing future world conflicts. Such a friendship has been brought nearer to realization by the efforts of men like Walter Page, that true American and real friend of England, and by the contributions of America to the Allied cause in 1918, not to mention the thousands of her sons who enlisted in the Canadian and other Allied forces before their country entered the fight.

But, having said this, is it not time to protest against the growing spirit of servility towards the United States in which so many of our public men indulge? Ever since

the American Civil War, with its unpleasant "Alabama" and other incidents, our leaders have been scrupulously careful to avoid anything which might have the appearance of offending America. Since the Great War brought that nation into closer contact with Europe this deference has developed to a point at which it can only be described as cringing. Nor, unfortunately, has this attitude been confined to speech-making, but has even dictated British internal policy, as in the deplorable Irish "settlement," when the betrayal of loyalists was justified partly on the ground that it would appease American opinion.

Englishmen have long learned to apologize for George III and the Stamp Act, but it is only since the Great War that they have been required to grovel as if their country was in the last stages of decadence. That staunch upholder of British prestige, Mr. Lloyd George, has, of course, not been backward in following this new fashion. In October, 1923, he told an American audience (which, we read, frequently interrupted him with "thunderous applause") that "America holds in the hollow of her hand the destiny of the world." Presumably it was this same belief in the decay of his own country that induced him while Prime Minister to invite to his breakfast table that arch-anglophobe, Mr. G. R. Hearst, whose newspapers daily denounce England with a venom and a disregard for truth that are unbelievable until experienced in cold print. Again, on October 23, 1923, General Smuts, in a broadcast speech, declared that "The peoples of Europe . . . feel that without the reinforcement of her (i.e. America's) moral idealism Europe has no longer the strength to save herself." More recently (Armistice Day, 1924) Sir Auckland Geddes, addressing the English-speaking Union, referred to the following words of Mr. Page (in a letter to President Wilson): "What are we going to do with this England and this Empire presently, if ever leadership comes from them to us?" and went on to say that "We had yielded to America gladly and willingly the position of leadership" of the world. Presumably, therefore, it is but a step to our also handing over to her the Empire we are tired of ruling.

Indeed, there would seem to be a certain type of Englishman that has got America on the brain. Our intelligentsia constantly indulge in transatlantic visits in which they are hospitably received by that section of the eastern States which has English sympathies, and are encouraged to lecture to vast audiences whose enthusiasm and apparent thirst for culture are new experiences to them. After a two or three months' tour through the principal eastern cities they return to us, secure in the conviction that they have plumbed the American character to its depths, and produce hurriedly written books in which they pontifically explain the phenomena of which they have been the astonished witnesses. Of the great Middle West, with its crude "cities" and rough prairie life, its farmers and hard business men who mostly know nothing of Europe (and care less), and who sway American politics in these days, they are sublimely ignorant; while the southern Mississippi States, with their "white trash," despised even by the negroes, the ranching and lumbering population of the west and north, the foreign and negro communities, are as a closed book to them.

Nevertheless, these gentlemen succeed in impressing the average English reader, who, overwhelmed by this plethora of explanations, comes at last to believe that there must be something altogether new and wonderful in a people that excites so much attention. In fact, the average Briton is fast becoming better acquainted (at second-hand) with America than with his own Empire, and unfortunately with an America which is largely imaginary. Under stress of constant reminders of the common blood which flows in English and American veins, of a common Puritan ancestry, of the common tongue, "the language of the Bible and Shakespeare" (but not, be it whispered, of Dickens), and a common culture, he is gradually acquiring a picture of America as a nation strikingly similar to his own, and the bond of Empire is in danger of being replaced by an *entente* of the "two great English-speaking peoples."

Let us briefly examine the various "common bonds" which are thus brought forward as a basis for a partnership in which, it seems, we are gracefully to play merely a

secondary part. First, as to our "common stock." It is of course true that the United States sprang from thirteen English colonies which revolted from the mother country only a century and a half ago. But these included Dutch and Swedish settlements, and covered only a small portion of the present territory of the Union, the remainder of which has been mostly annexed since 1783 from the French, Spaniards, Mexicans, and Indians. Thus, had there been no immigration since its foundation, the United States would still be far from possessing a homogeneous Anglo-Saxon population. In actual fact the proportion of the latter has been enormously decreased by its lower fertility, compared with the other races, and by the great volume of immigrants (about thirty-five millions since 1783). In 1920 the foreign-*born* population (excluding British stock) was about twelve millions out of a total population of 105 millions, and the people of non-British descent were of course vastly more numerous. Add to this conglomeration of European nationalities the eleven million or so negroes (every twelfth person in New York City is either a negro or has negro blood), who are not only non-British but non-European and *black*, and it is evident that to talk of the common stock of English and Americans is mere childishness.

Even more ridiculous is the claim (of which one heard much during the Mayflower celebrations in 1920, and in which Mr. Lloyd George, with his eye on the little Bethels, delights) that the two nations share a common Puritan ancestry and culture. Now Puritanism had little success outside Great Britain and even there only in the seventeenth century, so that only the fraction of American population descended from seventeenth-century British settlers (obviously a minute proportion) can claim any Puritan ancestry. As a matter of fact only a part of those settlers were Puritans, namely, the New England and Pennsylvanian colonists, for the southern colonies were royalist and Anglican and slave-owning, while Maryland was Roman Catholic. No doubt the spirit of New England has largely dominated American thought, but this is another matter, and in so far as it is true is a point of difference from modern England, where Puritanism as a vital force is dead. Indeed, the chief religious link between

the two countries is the Anglican Prayer Book, used with slight variations in the episcopal church of each.

There is considerably more strength in the argument from a common language. Undoubtedly language is a strong bond, and it is the boast of America that her enormous alien population is rapidly taught English, and thus in the second or third generation is thoroughly welded into the nation. But we must remember that the American child of European parents is taught to regard his new language as the language of America, not of England. If he thinks of England at all, it is as a nation which for some strange reason speaks a perverted form of American. It is probably truer to say that England is more influenced by the American language broadcast through the agency of the film, the magazine, and the jazz-song—than America by English literature. A certain idiotic song about bananas had recently such a vogue in England as Shakespeare assuredly never enjoyed in America. In any case we may remember that Shakespeare was popular even with German playgoers during the war, so that appreciation of our literature is not necessarily a bond of sympathy with our national aspirations.

Lastly, we may examine the vaunted idealism of the United States. This is generally assumed to spring from the love of liberty which gave birth to the republic and was embodied in its constitution: "the greatest government God ever made," as one of its ex-presidents called it. But, as Professor A. F. Pollard has pointed out in his "Evolution of Parliament" (p. 181), "there are few more ironic spectacles than that of a community consisting largely of slave-owners proclaiming in fervid tones their devotion to the rights of man." And although the negroes are no longer slaves it can scarcely be said that they yet enjoy equality with the white population. In any case it may be remarked that there is an ocean of difference between the English and American conceptions of democracy. The former has gradually evolved from service and duty, the latter is founded on a revolutionary declaration of the rights of man; the British constitution secures popular control of the government by the closest inter-relation of executive, legislative, and judicial powers, while the American is deliberately based on complete

separation of these functions. Thus its keynote, to quote the same authority (p. 254), is "distrust of the government and also distrust of the people. The fundamental assumption was that every man is by nature not free but a tyrant." If this be so, it would appear a rather perilous foundation on which to build idealism. It is of course granted that America has consistently produced rulers of sound character and integrity, though it is doubtful whether for brilliance or statesmanship her presidents have outshone British prime ministers during the same period. Be this as it may, in the end it is not the statesman but the public opinion behind him that counts. This is especially true of the United States, where opinion is more articulate than in Britain and is subject to violent waves of emotion which sweep irresistibly from one end of the Continent to the other. How far, then, is the average American citizen an "idealist" compared with the average Briton or other European?

In searching for an answer to this inquiry the first thing that strikes the observer is that the United States is *par excellence* the land of fads. This characteristic is the chief legacy of the old Puritanism, which now finds expression in mass attempts by organized societies to force their freakish opinions on the whole nation. Hence Prohibition, that "great experiment in idealism." A similar movement is now being attempted by the Anti-Narcotic League, which hopes to stamp out tobacco by making its use a crime. Of course, once granted the principle which underlies Prohibition and the law of the land may be legitimately used to control every act of the individual's private life by a system compared with which the medieval inquisition was an instrument of mercy. Already American newspapers have been discussing the advisability of legislation to compel every married couple to have a certain number of children!

This love of fads is reflected in the religious life of the country where, in addition to the various denominations known to us, nearly two hundred indigenous sects flourish. These include not only the well-known Christian Scientists and Mormons (whose strength, by the way, is not generally appreciated in England), but "advanced" bodies of the New Jerusalem and "free thought" type,

as well as numerous Oriental cults and a "Radio Church." The "Pentecostal Church of Christ," popularly known as the "Holy Rollers" from their indulgence in revivalist meetings at which they literally roll on the floor in hysterical frenzy or rush into the aisle to grasp the Lord by the hand to the accompaniment of shouts and groans that resemble pandemonium, is an interesting (and widespread) product of the great republic. Even the ordinary Protestant bodies are infected with the same cult of the freakish and indulge in new-fangled festivals such as "Go to Church Sunday," "Motor to Church Sunday," "Go to Church on the Street Car Sunday" and so on. The latest product of this spirit—the compilation of a Prohibitionist Bible, in which the word "wine" is throughout replaced by "raisin cake" (it being apparently more sinful to mention strong drink than deliberately to falsify the sacred writings)—will still be fresh in the public memory.

Every nation has its freaks, and in spite of these examples the United States may still be the home of a sane idealism. But this must be based on a sound moral sense, which at bottom must have a definite religious impulse. In his "In Quest of El Dorado," Mr. Stephen Graham says of America that "The nation is on a high level of morality," but "there is almost no religion: moral fervour stands instead of religion." How long this elevated moral standard can persist without any religious basis is not very clear, and in any case we may well question whether it is, in fact, as high as this distinguished observer thinks. Two factors, the much greater preponderance of crime compared with Britain and the astonishing facilities for divorce, hardly bear out this assertion. It is not long since the plea of "murder for sport" was heard in the Chicago courts. That city alone has more murders than England and Wales; New York City has six times as many as more populous London, and suffers from more burglaries than the whole of Great Britain. Other American cities have scarcely better records proportionally to their size. The conditions as regards divorce are too well known to require comment, but while they furnish a perpetual subject of jokes for *Punch* their effect on national morality and home life

cannot but be devastating. The proportion of divorces to marriages is roughly one to eight, and when we realize that in some States a wife can obtain divorce merely by telling a judge that her husband does not take her out at night it is clearly possible for a condition of "free love" to grow up under which, in a given community, every person may at some time have been the husband or wife of a dozen or so persons of the opposite sex, with children scattered around whose relationship to the adults and each other it would baffle a trained genealogist to trace. Carry on the process for half a century or so and the result will scarcely be a nation on a "high level of morality." In some States (e.g. New York) it appears that the law even permits "trial marriages," so that a girl of seventeen may marry until she reaches eighteen, when, if she has tired of her husband, the marriage may be annulled, even if the couple have children (Report of the Russell Sage Foundation, quoted in the *Daily Telegraph*, March 9, 1925).

The above criticisms are not made without consciousness of the defects, perhaps as great or greater, in our own national life. But these are not in point. When claims to moral superiority on the part of the United States are constantly made (coupled with American exhortations to Europe to "put its house in order"), we are bound to examine frankly the bases of such assertions. It is submitted that on an impartial survey there is not a shred of evidence to support them. However charming the individual Americans with whom our leaders come into contact and while recognizing the valuable relief work carried out in Europe by American effort, the fact remains that the United States as a nation is no higher morally than the western states of Europe and certain disquieting facts suggest a definite inferiority in some respects. Certainly her foreign policy during and since the war (with its failure to discern any moral difference between the belligerents until her own interests were directly touched, her desertion of Europe and Armenia during the critical years of the "Peace" and her treatment of war debts on a strictly commercial basis, although her States and cities shamelessly repudiated their debts after the Civil War) suggests a nation acting deliberately

according to self-interest. No doubt there were excellent reasons for so acting, with which we have no desire to quarrel, but a nation cannot pursue a strict policy of self-interest and at the same time claim an idealism superior to that of all others. And in any case a people which has produced Drake and Nelson, which first showed the way to constitutional liberty and founded the greatest and freest empire in the world, has no need to apologize even in the presence of parvenu idealists.

By all means let us cultivate American friendship, as we cultivate that of France or Italy, but if we desire a closer partnership let us seek it from our own kinsfolk in our own Empire. Instead of pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of an *entente* of the "English-speaking peoples," let us endeavour to build up the Empire of British peoples which is already in being. The latter have a definite and valuable contribution to make to civilization, which can best be achieved by close co-operation, whereas to throw in our lot with America is to take a leap in the dark, for no one knows what America will become or whither she is going.

The Anti-Foreign Movement in China*

By Ivan D. Ross, M.A.

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MAY 30, 1925, is a date which will long be remembered in Chinese history. On that day the Shanghai riot broke out, an event which was the signal for a wave of anti-foreign agitation that swept through the length and breadth of China. The commotion was directed mainly against two foreign powers, Great Britain and Japan, but it necessarily involves all the great powers which have interests in China. The following is a brief *résumé* of the chief incidents which have taken place up to the time of writing, i.e. the end of August.

The ostensible cause of the outbreak in Shanghai was the death of a Chinese labourer, which took place during a disorderly strike of the employees in a Japanese-owned cotton-mill in Shanghai. The report was given out that a Chinese had been ruthlessly murdered by a Japanese foreman. The students of the Shanghai schools got up an open-air demonstration, at which speeches were made denouncing the Japanese and British mill-owners in Shanghai as oppressors of their fellow-countrymen. Worked up to a state of excitement, the crowd crossed the boundary of the International Settlement, which is an area under foreign jurisdiction and policed by a force of Sikhs under British and American officers. The police ordered the crowd to disperse, and, upon their refusal to do so, they arrested a number of the speech-makers, and took them into custody at the Louza Police Station, which is situated in the heart of the Settlement on the Nanking Road. Upon this, the students became infuriated, and led the crowd in a determined effort to rescue the prisoners. The crowd, which had by this time become a dangerous mob, consisting of students, workmen, and hooligans, estimated at some 2,000 in number, began pushing its way up the Nanking Road. The police retreated inch by inch, displaying great patience in their attitude towards the assailants. Sticks and stones were used by the rabble, and fourteen of the policemen received minor injuries before any retaliation was attempted.

* This subject is also dealt with in our Current Comments and Correspondence.

At last they were being pushed back to the very gate of the Louza Police Station, and an attack upon the station itself was obviously threatened. At this moment, the British officer in command gave the order to fire. Seven of the mob fell dead, thirty or forty were wounded, and the crowd dispersed very rapidly.

On June 9, some trouble broke out in Hankow amongst a crowd of coolies who were unloading a steamer at Messrs. Butterfield and Swire's wharf. This wharf is just outside the boundary of the British Concession, and is, therefore, situated in territory which is under Chinese jurisdiction. The coolies began to riot, and threw stones, breaking a great many windows in the screens which protect the cargo-dumps. A force of Chinese police was called out, who used their bayonets with some effect, and quickly put down the disturbance. But the report got about that the Shanghai incident had been repeated, and that Chinese workmen had been bayoneted by British police. Two days later a crowd of coolies collected near the end of the British Bund, and began throwing stones at the Chinese policemen who were on duty on the British Concession. Presently a mob collected, and broke out on to the Concession along the river front, throwing stones, tearing up the seats by the foot-walk, and evidently on the look out for any further mischief that they could do. But they were driven back by a force of British marines, who had been landed from a gunboat in the river in anticipation of trouble.

The same evening, a few hours later, a furious mob broke on to the British Concession from the back side away from the river. A Japanese subject, who was caught by the crowd, was beaten and trampled to death, and even after death the body was stamped upon until it was mutilated out of all recognition. A number of Japanese shops on the British Concession were first looted and then smashed up. A mob, armed with sticks and stones and iron bars, succeeded in penetrating along one of the main roads, in spite of the resistance of the British volunteers, who had been called out to protect the Concession. The firemen were also called out, and played the fire-hose upon the mob for twenty minutes, but this plan proved utterly insufficient to turn them back. At last it became clear that fire-arms must be

resorted to if the foreign houses and shops were to be saved from pillage. This time, machine-guns were used. They were fired straight into the mob, and not in the usual and more deadly way by being turned from side to side. In the latter case, several hundred casualties would undoubtedly have been the result. As it was, the mob rapidly retired upon hearing the sound of firing, leaving only a few dead lying in the road.

On June 13, closely following the Hankow affair, a similar occurrence took place at Kiu-Kiang, which is a river port on the Yangtse, situated about two-thirds of the distance from Shanghai to Hankow. This time no marines had been landed, although a Japanese gunboat lay off the Bund. The Kiu-Kiang students were conducting an agitation on account of the Shanghai shooting incident, and had stirred up a considerable amount of excitement amongst the lower classes. But the Chinese official had assured the British Consul that the British Concession should receive adequate protection in case of trouble. The Consul relied upon this promise, and the result was nearly fatal. For on the evening of the 13th, a mob broke into the Concession. The Japanese Bank of Taiwan was set on fire and burned till it was gutted. The rioters broke into the British and Japanese Consulates, and broke the windows and furniture downstairs, while the ladies who were in residence took refuge in locked rooms upstairs. The British flag in front of the building was torn down and trampled upon, and an attempt was made to set the Consulate on fire. But further disaster was averted by the landing of the Japanese marines, who succeeded in driving back the mob and restoring order.

In the middle of June trouble of an even more serious nature broke out at Chungking, which is a port about 1,500 miles up the Yangtse, or about twice as far from Shanghai as Hankow. Here the foreign consulates and business firms are situated, as usual, along the river-front; but most of the foreign residences are built upon the slopes of some high hills on the opposite (south) side of the river, and distant some two miles from the river bank. The agitation began as usual by the students fomenting trouble amongst the workers. One of the Chinese military officers in the city did his best to secure

protection for the foreigners; but the inactivity of his superiors made circumstances too difficult for him, and his efforts were unavailing. In the end, the situation became so dangerous that the British Consul and all the other foreign residents were forced to leave the city and to take refuge on the south side of the river. This, too, became untenable, and the foreigners were all ordered to take refuge on the gunboats and steamers in the river. Most of the women and children, to the number of seventy, were dispatched down the river to Hankow, and finally to Shanghai. After the foreigners had left, the Chinese military officers who were supposed to be protecting them took up their residences in some of the vacated houses, and allowed the remainder to be looted by their men. During the whole time there were a number of gunboats lying off Chungking, including three British and three Japanese. It would have been perfectly easy for them to have done great destruction to the city; but they refrained from retaliation, even when stones were flung at them by the unruly mob of students on the shore.

All these incidents took place along the Yangtse Valley, which is the main artery of communication between east and west in Central China. During the same period, or rather later, similar outbreaks took place along the coast, at Ningpo, Amoy, and Swatow, ports which lie between Shanghai and Hongkong. At each of these places there were shipping strikes, boycotting of foreign goods, and hostile demonstrations which threatened the safety of foreign residents. But the most noteworthy incident took place at Canton on June 23. Here, a deliberate attempt was made to put the foreigners in the wrong by provoking them to fire upon an unarmed mob. As a matter of fact, the first shots were fired from the Chinese side, the order to fire being given by a Russian officer. A French merchant was killed, and one Japanese and several British were wounded. It was only after this outrage that the British and French marines on Shameen Island returned the fire. These facts have been established by the testimony of a number of eye-witnesses. They are also proved by a document which was drawn up by the Danish Consul in Canton, and signed by four eye-witnesses of the occurrence. This document was drawn up to assist the diplomatic body in Peking, who were

faced with a declaration on the part of the Chinese Government that the firing at Shameen upon a crowd of Chinese demonstrators had been entirely unprovoked.

In the second week in August occurred the riots in the Tientsin cotton-mills. The employees not only went on strike, but damaged a great amount of valuable machinery, one mill alone (Japanese-owned) suffering a loss estimated at $500,000. In this case, however, foreigners were not directly concerned. The mill in which the strike originated is Chinese-owned; the matter was dealt with by the Chinese authorities; Chinese police shot down several scores of the rioters and arrested 376. In this affair some sixteen or seventeen workers lost their lives—a greater number than in any of the incidents related above. But, owing to the straightforward action of the Chinese local officials, which prevented the riot from spreading to the foreign quarter, it has never been possible to lay this disaster as another crime at the foreigners' door.

Not so the Nanking affair, which took place twelve days earlier, on July 31. Here, the matter concerned a foreign firm, the International Export Company. The main business of this firm is the export of eggs. Owing to the holding up of shipping on the Yangtse by the strike, this firm was unable to procure eggs in sufficient quantities to keep their packing department employed. Not only so, but they were suffering actual loss by the fact of having millions of eggs rotting on the wharf, which they were unable to have transported to their factory owing to the strike of coolies. Under these circumstances the company closed down a part of their factory and temporarily dismissed a number of their workmen. The workmen were annoyed, and refused to leave, but a naval party was landed from a British warship in the river, and succeeded in clearing them out of the factory without any casualties. Outside the factory the coolies fell foul of the Chinese police and assaulted and seriously injured several of them. The Chinese police fired upon them, killing one coolie and wounding several others. Later on, a British clerk belonging to the firm, trying to leave the factory, was set upon by a crowd and so badly mauled that he had to be taken to hospital. In this case not a single shot was fired by a British gun, and all the injuries were inflicted by Chinese. Yet reports were

telegraphed to Peking, and spread all over the country, that British marines in Nanking had fired upon and killed defenceless Chinese workmen.

Meanwhile, in Peking, the seat of China's nominal government, and where representatives of all the great powers reside, no scenes of actual violence took place. But the Diplomatic Corps were forced to put up with a series of insults which are certainly unparalleled in the history of any other nation claiming to be civilized. Day after day thousands of students from the various Government schools and colleges paraded the streets, waving flags that bore anti-foreign mottoes, and holding meetings at which anti-foreign speeches were made. The residents in the Legation quarter were warned that they had better not venture outside the Legation area, because the Government could not guarantee to foreigners protection against violence! After the Hankow affair a formal protest was made to the Chinese Government against the passivity of the local officials in having allowed a mob to attack the Hankow Concession. The reply from the Waichiaopu (Foreign Office) was that the British Consul-General had been misinformed, and that the British alone were to blame for the incident. (On this point, the correspondence between the British Consul in Hankow and the Chinese Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, which was published at length in the local Press, is exceedingly illuminating.) Finally, early in August, the personal servants and other Chinese employees of the residents in the Legation quarter went out on strike. Out of 300 Chinese employed in the Legations, some 200 went out, leaving the representatives of the foreign powers to the inconvenience of having to perform a good deal of their own domestic work. Their telephones were cut off, and the gates of the Legation quarter were picketed by students. A protest to the Chief Executive led to no result. The Chinese Government simply refused to have anything to do with the matter. Most of the servants returned to their work after two or three weeks. But no apology was ever offered, and no punishment meted out to those who were responsible for this insult.

The above summary of events is necessarily incomplete, but it includes the main outbursts which have taken place in China during the past two and a-half

months. In order to grasp the situation it must be borne in mind that the incidents just sketched are merely flares-up of a conflagration that is going on all the time. During the whole of this period the students have been continually encouraging a general strike of all Chinese workers in foreign employ. The strike of wharf coolies in Shanghai has seriously interfered with ocean shipping, while the trade done by foreign steamers along the Yangtse has been practically paralysed. Employees of foreign firms and factories have gone on strike in all the treaty-ports. In Shanghai the merchants were ordered to close their shops against foreign customers. A wide-spread effort has been made to secure the boycott of British and Japanese goods. A general agitation has been launched against mission schools, on the grounds that they are supported by foreign funds and controlled by foreign teachers. Most of the mission schools in Central China were compelled to close down two or three weeks before the summer vacation was due. Here and there, in the interior, attacks have been made upon mission compounds, and although no actual loss of life has been incurred, very much suffering and inconvenience has been endured.

All these things have been done by the students, or rather, schoolboys of China. It is they who have organized the anti-foreign processions and demonstrations. It is they who have fomented the anti-foreign riots. It is they who have incited, and in many cases compelled, the workers to strike. Why have the students done all these things, and what is their ultimate object?

If an intelligent and well-educated Chinese were asked this question, his immediate reply would be, that the agitation is not anti-foreign at all. It arises from no hatred of the foreigner as such. It is a purely patriotic movement on the part of the students. Its object is to relieve China of the incubus which has been placed upon her by the "Unequal Treaties" contracted with foreign powers. These treaties, he would tell you, were drawn up seventy years ago. They imposed upon China certain injustices, which it is now high time to have removed. All that the students desire is to see their country placed upon an equal footing with other nations. They want to have her internal sovereignty respected, and her

territorial integrity restored. They demand the return to Chinese jurisdiction of all districts at present held by foreigners as "concessions," the abandonment on the part of foreigners of extra-territorial rights, and that power should be granted to China to control her own customs. The retrocession of concessions, abolition of extrality, and customs autonomy—these are the three phrases which sum up the main aspirations of the patriotic Chinese.

Now, in the abstract, these appear to be, and are, legitimate and just aspirations on the part of China. The mistake which the students make is in supposing that there is any foreign power which wishes to deprive her of these privileges. The fact is, it is entirely China's own fault that she does not possess them already. There is no power in the world that has any interest in hindering the proper development of China, or in robbing her of any of the rights which belong to a free nation. In fact, the powers have already signified their willingness to relieve China of the disabilities of which she complains as soon as she fulfils certain conditions. At the Washington Conference, which was held at the beginning of 1922, nine powers signified their readiness to discuss on a fresh basis the question of the Chinese customs, and also to appoint a commission to proceed to China and to investigate upon the spot the whole question of extra-territorial rights.

The Commission on Extrality was ready to proceed to China in November, 1924. It was delayed at the request of the Chinese Government, on the plea that the time was not ripe owing to the civil war which was then being carried on. That this stigma still lies upon China is owing to the fact that she has hitherto failed to reform her own law courts, or to secure the proper administration of justice for her own citizens. No Western power could think of allowing its own nationals to suffer under the injustices and hardships which Chinese citizens continually endure, owing to the widespread corruption of her officials and the inadequacy of her civil laws. In this respect the cases of Siam and Japan form a striking contrast. Extrality was abolished in Siam in 1907, after a testing period of fifty-four years. Japan was relieved of the incubus in 1902, after a probation of only thirty-six years. The treaties granting extra-territorial rights to

foreigners residing in China have been in force since 1860, a period of more than sixty years. That China is still unready to have this blot removed from her escutcheon is a mark, not of the oppression of foreign powers, but of her own backwardness and inability to reform her own household.

The question of customs autonomy, again, is one which can only be settled when China shows sincerity in her efforts to improve herself. According to treaty, a 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty is the highest tax that can be imposed upon imports. The maritime customs dues are collected by an organization which is entirely under the control of foreigners, and under this control they provide a steady and reliable source of national income, which stands as security for China's external debts. These restrictions can only be abolished when China has shown herself capable of fulfilling two conditions. In the first place, there must be guarantee that she will not increase the duties to such an extent as to strangle her trade with foreign nations. In the second place, there must be evidence that the proceeds of the customs will actually find their way into the national coffers, and that as much as may be necessary will be used to pay the interest on the loans which she has borrowed so largely from foreign nations. At present the state of China's inland revenues, which are imposed and collected by her own officials, does not encourage any hope that these conditions are likely to be fulfilled.

The problem of the concessions is one which must necessarily be more distant of solution than either of the above. In this case, if there be any inequality in the treaties, it is one which bears more hardly upon the foreigners. When a Chinese citizen goes to England or America, he is allowed to settle where he will, to acquire property, and to carry on his legal business without molestation. But in China, the foreigner is not allowed to buy land, to build houses, or to carry on business, except in certain defined areas in the treaty-ports, known as concessions. Most of these concession areas were originally worthless undeveloped tracts of land, which were handed over to the foreigners under compulsion, because the Chinese considered them to be of no value. By foreign energy and enterprise, these bits of waste

land have been drained, built up, and bunded. They are now the sites of large, modern buildings and flourishing businesses. There are broad, clean streets, gardens, and parks. They are supplied with electric light, water-systems, and all the conveniences of modern civilization. They have become the most populous centres of commerce, and wealthy Chinese merchants and officials are glad to flock into them and take advantage of the security and convenience they offer. They form a striking contrast to the squalid streets, filthy houses, and overcrowded, insanitary conditions of the native cities, which are always in close proximity. Now, the Chinese are turning jealous eyes upon these concessions, and asking why the foreigners should be the owners of these desirable districts, and refuse to admit Chinese jurisdiction over them? So the cry is: "Give us back our concessions!" and it is raised without any thought of the price that has been paid, and that must be asked again, before these magnificent properties can become the possessions of China.

But, indeed, there is little thought or reason behind most of the clamour that is being made by the students. When one considers the nature of the parrot-cries which they raise so loudly and so incessantly, it is not difficult to perceive from whence they are derived. "Western Imperialism," "militaristic aggression," "capitalism," "industrial oppression"—none of these are original cries, and they represent ideas which the half-educated and wholly raw youths of China have never conceived of themselves. The voice is the voice of the Bolshevik. It is the spirit which is causing unrest and turmoil all over Europe. The mad desire to overthrow existing institutions without thought of any constructive policy, the opposition to capitalistic enterprise, to ordered authority, to discipline—above all, the hatred of Great Britain as the great Imperialistic Power—these are the marks of Soviet Russia. The evidence that widespread Bolshevik propaganda lie behind the whole of this agitation is such as admits of no dispute. The students have command of apparently unlimited money resources for the purposes of strike pay; and it is well known that enormous sums for the purpose of propaganda have for several years been finding their way into China from Russia. Masses of Bolshevik literature have been found

and confiscated in Chinese colleges (this was proved in the case of Shanghai University at the trial of the student rioters in Shanghai). Bolshevik agents have actually been arrested and brought to trial for attempting to stir up agitation in China (e.g. the cases of the trials of Z. Dosser and of Dr. Fortunatoff in Shanghai last July). It is admitted by the Chinese themselves that a large section of the Kuomintang, or Republican Party, has come entirely under Bolshevik influence. The Government, which is at present oppressing Canton, and driving the merchants and people of Kwangtung to desperation, is a "Red" Government. There is no doubt at all that the agents of the U.S.S.R. are playing a big game in China at present, and that their efforts are mainly being directed to stirring up trouble against Great Britain, and they are using the students as their pawns.

But when the fact of Bolshevik influence has been allowed for, there is still another factor which has to be taken into account in summing up the situation. The Bolsheviks are not the rulers of China—yet. She has her own rulers, who are backed up by large armies and all the advantages of office and authority. It is true they are quarrelling amongst themselves; but it would be absurd to suggest that they have all been intimidated (as the workers have) by the frantic performances of a crowd of schoolboys. In the history of the outbreaks which has been given, one fact which clearly emerges is that the officials have always been able to interfere as soon as they wished to do so. Wherever the local officials have determined to protect the lives and property of foreigners, the latter have been safe. Wherever they have remained inactive, foreigners have suffered. This has been clearly proved in the case of Hunan, formerly known as one of the most turbulent provinces of China. The students of Changsha, the capital of Hunan, attempted to raise an agitation very soon after the Shanghai affair. Before matters had gone very far, the Tupan (Military Governor) put his foot down and forbade any disorder. Changsha became quiet, and has remained so ever since. On the other hand, after the anti-foreign strike had been declared in Shanghai, the Chief Executive in Peking, Tuan Ch'i Jui, personally promised a large donation for the support of the strikers. His example was followed by

other leading officials in other parts of the country. The Peking Government also allocated a sum from the national exchequer for the strike funds, thus giving official support and countenance to the whole business.

It is clear, then, that the rulers of China have not merely allowed, but have actually encouraged the outrages which have been committed recently against foreign residents in China. Such outrages, considered as the acts of a responsible Government, would be tantamount to a declaration of war. Yet, it is certain that the military leaders of China do not want to be involved in a war against the foreign powers. They know well enough (what is hidden from the ignorant students) that China has not a navy worthy of the name, and that her armies could not stand for a few weeks in the field against properly-equipped modern armies. To become involved in war against a single great power would simply mean disaster for China, and well her rulers know it. Yet they allow insults to be flung at foreign Consuls, wanton damage to be inflicted on foreign business firms, and serious assaults to be made upon the persons of foreign residents, and they do not stir a muscle to prevent these things. Why do they assume this attitude? The answer must be partly guesswork. But it is guesswork founded upon facts of China's past history, upon her dealings with foreigners for more than half a century, and upon features of the present situation which have their own significance for those who watch the methods of China's politicians.

To begin with, China is not a united nation. The Provisional Government in Peking is notoriously weak. It has not control of the provinces at any distance from the Capital. These provinces, under the sway of the Tupans, or Military Governors, are engaged in forming factions which carry on continual strife against one another. The south is openly opposed to the present Government in Peking. The central provinces are doubtful in their loyalty. Last autumn, after the defeat of Wu Pei Fu, who represents the Centre, by Chang Tso Lin, the cock of the north, it looked as if the Tuan *régime* were tottering to its fall. But the storm raised by the students broke out just in time to distract attention from the weakness of the Government, and to allow it to carry on. But beside this negative benefit, there is a positive gain

which the Peking Government may hope to reap from the agitation. It is just possible that the students may win their ends by terrorizing the foreigner into granting some part of their demands. In this case, the Tuan Government would claim the credit and recover its prestige. If, on the other hand, the students fail, there is nothing lost from Peking's point of view. And there are just a few features in the situation which encourage the hope of success. During the last few years the attitude of the powers towards China has been one of great leniency. This leniency has been mistaken for weakness, and has given rise to the supposition that China can get all she wants if only she is stubborn enough. Again, during the recent crisis the great powers have unfortunately failed to agree upon a firm and united policy with regard to China, and this leads the Chinese to think that they can gain their ends by playing off one power against another. Finally, there is a good deal of misinformed public opinion in other countries with regard to China, and of this the Chinese themselves are by no means unaware. Much misplaced sympathy has been fed by manifestoes sent home by missionaries (chiefly American), who see everything Chinese through a golden mist of optimism, and who in a hyper-conscientious spirit exaggerate whatever injuries China has in the past suffered at the hands of foreign powers.

So much for the attitude of the Central Government. As for the other rulers of China, the Provincial Governors, there are probably yet other motives in operation. Chang Tso Lin, the Governor of Manchuria, is undoubtedly the strongest ruler in China. For this very reason he is the object of suspicion and jealousy, and there are many who would be glad to see his downfall. There are rumours already of a combination of nine provinces in Central China which is being prepared to attack and overthrow the northern war lord. The students' agitation is serving to distract attention from these secret preparations, and local officials allow it to go on because it provides a convenient screen behind which they can carry on their machinations. As soon as the preparations are complete, the students will be forgotten, and poor old China will be plunged into civil war again, just as she was last year,

and the year before that, and almost every year since the commencement of the Republic.

There are signs that the present agitation has spent its force, and that it is beginning to die down. The shipping strike in Shanghai is practically broken. The boycott of foreign goods has never been completely carried through, and is becoming feebler every day. Tuan Ch'i Jui has just issued a manifesto from Peking, exhorting the students of China to leave off their agitation and return to their books. The manifesto may not receive much attention just now, but it is a straw showing which way the wind blows. But for all this, the situation in China is one which cannot but be viewed with anxiety.

An amount of bitterness and anti-foreign hatred has been stirred up which is really alarming. Lies and calumnies against foreigners have been spread far and wide, and while these are naturally disbelieved and rejected by the better-informed sections of society, they have no doubt had their effect upon the attitude of the masses. But the most serious feature of the situation is that no definite and united front has been presented by the representatives of the powers in Peking, and no firm and decisive word has yet been spoken to China by the combination of powers who are interested in her welfare. It is really time that the Governments of the great powers came together to formulate a definite and determined common policy towards China. They should insist, first and foremost, upon the strict observance of the treaties as they stand at present, and upon the protection of the lives and property of foreign residents. The treaties need revising, and a commission should be called together as soon as possible to investigate the whole question of the treaties, and to remove any possible causes of injustice to China. But meanwhile, nothing should be yielded to clamour or to threats, and China should be clearly shown, by deeds if necessary, that no more of this nonsense will be allowed. Until such common action is taken as will show that the powers are in earnest, and do not intend to be trifled with any further, the safety of their nationals will still be threatened, and the internal conditions of China will remain a menace to the peace of the world.

The Need for Men

By F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, F.R.G.S.

(*The Explorer*)

GREAT interest has been aroused in this country by the call for a Male Revival. The British Empire was built up by strong, fearless men, who, by taking risks and by sheer dominance travelled north, south, east and west, and won for us the possessions which we now complacently regard as our heritage. To-day we are becoming a nation of children who once were men; and this is largely due to the insidious feminist movement that has grown up of late years.

The worship of women is one of the most definite signs of degeneracy, and it always marks an era of unbridled luxury and extravagance, destructive to the vitality of a country.

The analogy between the great civilizations of the past and our own is striking. In Egypt, Rome, and Athens, luxury and the worship of women became an obsession; and at the same time, first among the aristocracy and then throughout all classes, the male degenerated. As the fashions of the day clearly show, we are following precisely the same well-defined course in Great Britain at the present time. It is plain that not content with short skirts and other hygienic and sensible garments, many women are passing all limits in the discarding of clothes and in the use of artificial aids to attract. This is undoubtedly breeding a sex consciousness and familiarity, which are causing a corresponding contempt for decency and are provoking nervous disorder resulting in degeneration.

A common spectacle to-day on gala nights at dances is the distribution of toys, and it is nauseating to notice how the male infants play with balloons and little dolls, and make noises on penny trumpets. The more daring throw small woollen balls at one another, while their feminine

partners smoke their cigarettes and look on with supercilious contempt.

The millions of mothers and fathers who to-day find it impossible to control their daughters deplore this feminist influence which is shattering home life, creating extravagance which can be ill afforded, and breaking up many a family. And yet women hail this state as the outcome of the spirit of freedom and as a proof of their emancipation. I assert that:

By cutting her hair short, woman is following the example of many primitive and utterly degenerate tribes of Indians.

By her rapid discarding of clothes, she is only imitating the females of barbaric races.

By wearing grotesque necklaces and baubles, she is imitating her degenerate sister.

By painting and rouging, she is reverting to the uncivilized female. The latest craze, "geranium lips," is an example.

Many believe that our present state of bad trade is not due to weakness among our manhood but to the wars of man. Yet in the United States of America, France, Germany, and Italy, which were all also embroiled in the Great War, trade and commerce to-day are in a far more flourishing state than our own, and these four nations are competing with and beating us in the world's markets.

Never in the history of this country has our prestige in sport fallen to such a low ebb. This applies specifically to our men; whatever may be the triumphs of our women, it is apparent that our men are again following a well-defined course, our failure in sport synchronizing with the deterioration in our manhood. It marks loss of virility, which in turn explains our lack of forcefulness and initiative in trade and commerce, and hence much of our present bad trade and wide unemployment.

Throughout the Dominions, and in practically every country of the world, it is an undoubted fact that to-day there is a noticeable loss of respect for Great Britain and Britishers as compared with the proud position we held before the war. The weakness among our men is making itself plainly apparent in our Foreign Policy. The men who govern a country should show strength, courage, and

decision by their acts, not by rhetoric. It is to-day a truism in our case that "what men made great, pedants brought low."

By the eternal law of Nature the leader of all animals is the male; and man is only a highly-civilized type of animal. The day this law of Nature is reversed, as a nation we shall fail. I have heard it suggested that women are necessary in the Cabinet. Absurd! Many women to-day are so obsessed with the spirit of female domination that they are claiming that the Premier should be a woman. If ever the men of this country allowed such a ludicrous state of affairs to arise it would mark the downfall of the Empire. We should be the laughing-stock of the world, and the country would speedily get what it would most assuredly deserve. We should be invaded by a stronger and more virile nation, who would have little mercy on our women.

No matter how great a crisis the nation is facing, it is disregarded as incidental. The lives of the young men of to-day seem ruled by women who patronize if they do not actually despise them.

The life of this country has suffered a complete change since 1914. We are living in a saturnalia of luxury, extravagance, and women-worship. Matters of the gravest national importance are disregarded as incidental, but the fact that two pretty English girls have been chosen for a cabaret in America is given world-wide publicity. Paris decrees that women shall have their hair bingled or shingled; their dresses full or straight; the heels of their shoes jewelled or painted. This message to hundreds and thousands of women assumes a magnitude beside which the French debt, the coal and shipping strikes, are of insignificance. But are women so much to blame? Is it not rather our weak men who encourage and pander to them and their extravagant whims? It automatically follows that male weakness should be taken advantage of by the female.

There are savage tribes existing to-day who have sunk so low down the scale that the man does nothing and goes nowhere until ordered to or given permission by the woman. These invertebrate creatures have no choice in selecting a wife. The woman chooses the man

in marriage and he meekly follows her to her dwelling. Many of our men are rapidly reaching this degrading state.

The ultra-artificial life now being led by vast numbers of our population has been a perfect godsend for nerve specialists and doctors. A visit to Harley Street will produce an amazing story of the number of people whose constitutions are shattered and who are suffering from "nerves." The enormous increase among the population of bad teeth, defective eyesight, and poor physique, especially in men, is a clear indication that the standard of our manhood is deteriorating. I am dealing only with facts. The opinion among doctors, the clear analysis of scientists, and the unchallengeable statistics as to the number of recruits rejected as unfit for the Army, tell a story beyond dispute. No less than 73 per cent. of the men recruited for the Army last year, when they came before the doctors, were unfit. There is abundant proof that the men of this country are becoming less virile, that their will-power is weakening, and that degeneracy has already commenced.

The old pioneer spirit seems to be almost extinct. Pride of race and tradition only remain as echoes of the past. It was owing to the pioneer spirit and indomitable will of Britishers that Great Britain built up the greatest Empire the world has ever known. It was the resolute confidence the men of our country had in themselves that gave us world supremacy and trade. Every man should be a pioneer at heart. The captain of industry, who sends out travellers to open up fresh markets throughout the world for his manufactured goods, is a pioneer. The man who owns a shop and opens another branch is adventuring. The day upon which those in salaried positions seek to better themselves, they have become adventurers. But the men of this breed are not ruled by women; they are masters, not puppets.

The question is often asked, In which section of the community is the weakness in our men most apparent? Without hesitation I state my belief that male weakness and degeneracy are most pronounced among the very people who should be our leaders and set an example to the country. Male weakness, coupled with

somnolence and inertia, is spreading throughout our middle classes; and the doctrines of Socialism, the dope of the dole, excessive urbanization and State coddling will soon spread these evils also amongst the manual workers. Yet saturation of femininity and female dominance are more in evidence in the "Smart Set" and higher circles.

Every thinking person must admit that at present this country is facing a serious crisis in its history. Crushing taxation, bad trade, strikes, immense numbers of unemployed, and rampant discontent, are disrupting the land. One of the most certain signs of national degeneracy is the growth of Communism. This hideous doctrine, which is a breeder of internecine strife, must destroy trade and commerce, and can only result in the destruction of our finest traditions and the disintegration of the Empire. Yet it is drawing thousands of fresh adherents to its Red Banner every day. Now is the time when one would expect strong, fearless men to expose the insane dogmas of Communism; to strive their utmost to reduce taxation, to encourage trade and commerce, and to bridge over the class-hatred which undoubtedly exists. But instead, the greatest help our Red Agitators have comes from the very people who should set an example to the nation. They fiddle while Rome burns, and pour fuel on the fire by their inanities.

What can our million odd of unemployed and our labouring classes think when they read that the women of the "Smart Set" must have their beds laid not with white sheets, but with lavender, pink, mauve and yellow fabrics? Or that the young women of the "Ultra Set" are to have bare knees for which they must have special powder? Many men (poor, weak, degenerate creatures) admire this latest craze, and pander to and praise these silly women. Is it to be wondered that erotomania and neurasthenia are sapping their vitality? If they could hear the execration rise from the slums of London, from the hovels of the Black Country, and from the thousands in the back streets of Glasgow, their smug complacency would be rudely shattered; yet these are the people who are supposed to set the country an example. In reality they are aggravating dissension and strife. A million

homes deplore the example set by this irresponsible "Smart Set," for these much-advertised crazes are signals at once for imitation on the part of countless frivolous girls and youths who wish to appear up-to-date and smart. All real men and women should ostracize these crazes and those who practise them; public ridicule alone is effective.

An act should, moreover, be passed empowering the annulment of all titles in cases where the holder has been convicted in the courts of a dishonourable act. If an officer in the Army disgraces his uniform, "The King has no further use for his services." Precisely the same procedure should be adopted in regard to titled personages, both male and female. There are many to-day bearing a noble name who act up to it, and they must deplore the sarcasm poured out on titles in this country—for example in several American films.

Our most urgent necessity at the moment is for a revival of masculinity and a clean, healthy outlook on life. The destiny of our Empire lies with the coming generation, and in all our schools the inculcation of pride of race and of our splendid traditions should be part of our children's education.

I repeat that it was the pioneer spirit that made this country. Many of our greatest Empire builders have come from the ranks. Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona emigrated as poor boys from Scotland. What they achieved in Canada will stand as a lasting memorial to their names. Marvellous feats in railroad building in the Argentine have also been largely accomplished by men who have risen from lowly positions. Egypt, India, Australia, Rhodesia—practically all countries throughout the world—tell the same story. The great wealth we derive from our South African mines, running into millions of pounds every year, was largely created by men who rose from the people. In Great Britain our princes of industry are nearly all men who have had to fight and battle their way through life. The late Lord Leverhulme is an example. This great pioneer, by his fearlessness and strength of character, built up a colossal business, which year after year has produced a gigantic revenue, largely derived from abroad, for the benefit of Great Britain.

It is to men of this breed that we owe our Empire; but they were not weaklings, neither were they dominated by women. Unfortunately, many of them have passed away. Where are the men to take their place? It is almost impossible to point to a single young man to-day who stands out prominently in any capacity. Either we have lost our pioneer spirit or opportunity is denied to our youth by insurmountable obstacles. From one end of the country to the other, discontent is expressed at the weakness and vacillation of our politicians; but eternally one hears the same cry—"We have no others to take their place."

I will not believe that our manhood is bankrupt in virility, but I do believe that a male revival is needed to bring to the surface all that is best in our men.

One of the first essentials is for men to fling aside petticoat government and assume their proper status.

Secondly, it is an absolute duty of parents who have lazy, indolent, effeminate sons living at home in idleness, to compel them to work, if they are bodily and mentally sound. Young men of this type are simply parasites, and the parents who keep them in ease and luxury will assuredly reap a whirlwind of trouble. The pose of many of our youths is that work is a degradation or a bore. They are blind to the dignity of labour, and in addition they are by their non-productiveness stealing from those who produce.

Thirdly, it is the duty of every man who has a stake in the country, no matter how small, to assert himself. If he has an opinion, let him give it. The "I detest publicity . . . I would rather remain in the background" attitude brands a man as a weakling. It is not that he does not want to express his opinion; it is that he is afraid of criticism, and dare not stand up for and protect that which is rightfully his. There are too many silent voices.

For a man to amass wealth as a hobby means nothing. Unless the thinking millions of the upper, middle and labouring classes protect their interests, most assuredly the time is close when the Communist and brainless section will swamp and destroy their lifework and efforts. It will be a rule of No-Brain over Intelligence.

The men of this country must assert themselves.

There are grave dangers looming ahead. The wild speeches of revolution and of "holding up" the country are not as impracticable of fulfilment as they seem. It is a certain sign of extreme weakness and loss of virility among the men who should be the leaders of the country that this sinister Bolshevik movement has reached its present threatening power for evil.

The chief objection to my statements that Britishers are exhibiting the first sign of degeneracy is, "Look how splendidly our youth rose in defence of their country in 1914." I should like to point out that our youth of to-day were children then, and it is by no means certain that the same spirit would show itself if there were another war.

The most damning evidence that the spirit has entirely changed since 1914 lies in the fact that to-day our manhood is betraying the hundreds of thousands who died for their country during the great war. Never in the history of the British Empire have we seen such a cold-blooded disregard for our finest traditions, for which these men gave their lives. Is it not, for instance, proof of national degeneracy and weakness of our manhood that the men of this country should tolerate Mr. Saklatvala's utterances? He says, "Let us abolish the Union Jack," and is followed by a Cornish Vicar who stands in his pulpit and openly states, "I hate the British Empire."

I say to our youths and men that if you believe in the spirit of 1914 and in the historic spirit of this country, assert your manhood, don't drivel and whine. Remember your pride of race—remember your traditions. Will you betray the trust which has been handed down to you by your pioneer ancestors?

Things They Don't Do Better in France

By J. O. P. Bland

THERE are, we all agree, a number of things which they manage better in France: omelettes, for instance, and exhibitions, and the evading of income-tax, light comedy, and lawn tennis. But there are others about which we can still puff out our chests and thank heaven for our own small mercies. The telephone service is certainly one; traffic control is another, and provision for the comfort of theatre-goers is a third. There are others; but these will suffice for our present purposes of complacency.

The French telephone service would appear to have been designed by some malignant society of misanthropists for the benefit of nerve specialists and undertakers. Its little ways are quite enough to account for the jumpy irritability which Parisians sometimes display. Once you have experienced them, you begin to understand the genesis and general use of *pneumatiques*. Take the instrument itself; there is something curiously sinister in its appearance; something vaguely suggestive of the necropolis in its polished ebony and nickel fittings; its two ear-pieces have an ominous aspect at the outset. Then the strange receptacle into which you have to talk (labelled *le Microbole*) is a positively repulsive object—cone-shaped, resembling a miniature beehive or a hand-grenade, with holes all over it, like a pepper-pot. You take it gingerly off its hook, apply the receiver to your ear, and await developments. The usual answer is a lemon—in other words, dead silence—while men can count a score; and then several more scores. To while away the time you take down the other ear-piece. The silence becomes, if anything, deader. Then, remembering what they playfully tell you in London about the best way of attracting the attention of the operator, you proceed to toy delicately with the receiver hook, moving it timidly up and down. Suddenly, out of the void, comes the sound of a voice that is shrill—not to say peevish.

"*Allons, allons, Monsieur,*" it says, "*qu'est ce que ça veut dire?* What do you mean by agitating the machine like that?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle," you reply politely, "what a relief!"

"*Comment?*"

"Yes, indeed, to hear a human voice again—I was afraid you were all dead—some frightful accident."

"*Allons, Monsieur,* do you imagine that I have no one to attend to but you? *Un peu de patience, s'il vous plait. Et maintenant—j'écoute.*"

A world of infinite boredom and a vague hint of menace in that "*J'écoute.*" Reminds one of "*J'accuse.*" She will listen—that is her job—but she would have you know that the rest is on the knees of malignant gods, and all the omens unfavourable. Evidently there must be no more snappy backchat on your part; merely chastened humility.

"I want Central 99–76, if you please, Mademoiselle," you murmur in the tones of a sucking dove.

"*Comment?* Speak more distinctly, Monsieur, and be quick. I am very busy."

Finally she gets it, and you hear her repeating the number to another weary young woman, somewhere remote in space. It sounds as if she were trying to say the multiplication table backwards. Then (unless she has decided that you need a lesson in patience, and says "number engaged") you hear a bell ringing faintly in the far distance. It is followed in due course by a voice—usually a man's voice, unfamiliar and distinctly irritable.

"Allo, allo," it says. "Who's there? What do you want?"

"Are you Central 99–76?"

"Sacred name of a dog, no! This is Gutenberg 99–76. Ring off—for heaven's sake, ring off!"

You put back the receiver and count fifty. Then you take it softly off again and begin to play a timid little invocation, *andante con expressione*, to the unknown goddess of the machine. After ten bars or so, she emerges.

"*Allons, Monsieur, c'est encore vous? Voyons, qu'es ce qu'il y a?*"

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, but they gave me the wrong

exchange" (observe that artful "they"). "I asked for Central, not Gutembourg."

I admit to having said "Gutembourg," but anyone might have known it was only a slip of the tongue, the result of nervous excitement, or just force of habit. She pounced on it, however, like a flash.

"*D'abord, Monsieur,*" she observed, "there is no such thing as Gutembourg. It's Gutenberg—b-e-r-g—berg."

"I'm sorry, Mademoiselle. Berg sounds so German. Forgive my stupidity. You see, I'm a foreigner."

"I thought as much—of course, that accounts for it. When one is not only ignorant, but impatient. . . . *Enfin*, Monsieur, what number *do* you want?"

I told her, once more, very gently, and in the end I got there. But it was in a taxi.

* * * * *

To me the Paris taxi-cab and its driver are ever things of mystery: as the French put it, they give furiously to think. First of all, with rubber, oil and petrol costing what they do in francs, how can anyone possibly make a living by driving his fellow-creatures up and down and round the town for about fourpence a mile? Yet thousands of them are doing it, and they don't give one the impression of being downhearted or underfed. An American friend of mine, who knows his Paris from the Ritz to the Lapin Agile, says that most of them are quite well off, being married to artists' models or ladies in government offices, and that they drive taxis just for the fun of the thing. He may be right, but, if so, there must be a good deal more fun in it than meets the eye. I don't know how long the average Paris chauffeur lives, but, judging by the number of wrecked cars to be met with at any time of day or night, it would seem as if most of them must end very brief careers either at the wheel or in hospital. Which brings us to another mystery. How is it, with all these casualties, that the number of taxis never grows less? My American friend explains that, no matter how bad the smash, they always put the cab together again (a big company, it seems, does nothing else), and the drivers can generally be repaired. Most of their vehicles certainly look as if they had been

patched up more than once, and had got some of their anatomy displaced in the process. Matter is indestructible, they say, but there must surely be some limit to the rearrangement of its fragments?

I was meditating on these things as I sat on a bench this morning near the Place de l'Etoile, where Monsieur, Madame et Bébé (a surprising quantity of Bébé) were taking the air. I had hired a taxi in the Place Vendôme, meaning to drive out to the Bois, but after missing an old lady and her dog by a hair's breadth, and being bumped into from behind by a motor-cyclist, who swore horribly, I came to the conclusion that a place in the sun, with my feet on the ground, would be more restful. Therefore I sat and watched the streams of motor traffic swiftly rushing east and west, and chewed the cud of cogitation, and, so doing, I asked myself, what is it that makes every driver of a car in France regard all other drivers as deadly rivals, if not personal enemies? And why should every one of them consider it necessary to toot his horn—or horns—unceasingly and everywhere? Is it merely the primitive delight in noise common to children and savages? Just shut your eyes and listen. The mighty voice of the Gay City, day and night, summer and winter, rises to heaven as the quacking of innumerable ducks, mostly asthmatic. And, lastly, what is it, in the nature of the Latin races, which makes them such ardent worshippers of speed for sheer speed's sake, for ever offering *prix de vitesse* for everything that runs on wheels or flies? If it were not for the Frenchmen's wholesome fear of summonses and law courts, every highway in the land would be a public racetrack. For that matter, many of them are. Observe, for example, the traffic in the Champs Elysées after dark!

After a while my meditative wandering eye became attracted to the gesticulating figure of a policeman on point duty just across the way, and I found myself contrasting his methods and results with those of Robert in Piccadilly—an interesting object-lesson in comparative bureaucracy. As the embodiment of law and order, amidst all the elements of potential chaos, the French policeman looms less large, does not hold the eye so imposingly, as his English confrère. At first sight,

indeed, one wonders that he succeeds, as he does, in riding the whirlwinds and directing the storms which encompass him about on every side. Every minute you expect to see him borne down and swept away by the angry torrents which, nevertheless, he holds in check, with swift gestures of his baton, vehement expostulations, and the fine frenzy of a rolling eye. Somehow or other he survives, and in so doing probably gets from the day's work a more conscious satisfaction than Robert the Imperturbable. His little brief authority is so manifestly a personal attribute, something quite independent of the majesty of the law, a power which he exercises by virtue of his own dominant personality. And he savours it, *coram publico*, like a fine wine.

When he had held up the westward stream of traffic to let a pretty lady across the road, and a dozen impatient chauffeurs behind him start a perfect bedlam of hooting horns, observe how he looks, first to the pretty lady for sympathy, and then on the hooters with supreme contempt. The majestic wave of his baton, when finally he permits them to proceed, is really a *beau geste*. His individuality is never wholly merged, like Robert's, in that of a soulless corporation, and always he remains, like all good democrats, a fervent respecter of persons. In the not infrequent event of an argument, with one or both of the parties involved in a collision, it is he who generally becomes the most voluble of an excited group, and so absorbed in weighing the merits of conflicting statements that, until the matter is settled, the traffic must take care of itself. (Which, right gladly, it proceeds to do.)

In some ways he is, I think, a more romantic figure than Robert of the outstretched hand and tranquil smile, just as Paris is more romantic, in some ways, than London; in any case, he is a fitting and picturesque product of his environment. But when it comes to controlling traffic—*n'en parlons plus!* For here, too, the law holds good: your great artist must ever remain outside the picture—remote, impersonal, aloof.

* * * * *

If you are a frequenter of Parisian theatres, especially of those older playhouses whose traditions are as the laws

of the Medes and Persians, you will agree that the subject of their treatment of audiences is one which requires careful handling. We must walk, like Agag, delicately, namin' no names. Also, because of certain curious reticences, prudishly persistent in the Anglo-Saxon mind, we can only touch lightly on some things which a Latin or an Oriental would discuss freely, even with his womenfolk.

"The play's the thing," of course, when all's said and done, and the French standard of dramatic art, and the cultivated public taste behind it, are things which we cannot yet hope to emulate. Nowhere in the world, except at the Kabuki Theatre in Tokyo, can you find the perfection of technique and trained elocution, the stage craft and discipline, which go to make a performance at the Comédie Française or the Odéon the thing of beauty which it is, harmonious in every part, studied in every detail. For this very reason, I think, most foreigners find something incomprehensible in the indifference which the French display towards the lack of elegance, comfort and even decency which prevails in so many of their theatres.

There are, no doubt, praiseworthy exceptions, but, generally speaking, the atmosphere and appearance of the average Parisian playhouse are quite unworthy of *la Ville Lumière*. From the foyer to the footlights, the impression created in one's mind is one of slovenliness and dingy ugliness. This is frequently intensified by an all-pervading smell compounded of tobacco, stale scent and defective sanitation and, during the intervals, by a drop-scene covered with hideous advertisements of hair-restorers and patent medicines. The attendant "*ouvreuses*" are usually in keeping with the dowdy appearance of the auditorium—ill-favoured females of frankly predatory habits. Even the easy-going Parisian has lately shown signs of resenting the greedy effrontery of these beldames (not to mention their shrieking sisters of the *vestiaire* and other less conspicuous parasites), and at certain theatres their claim to demand *pourboires*, as a matter of right, has now been abolished.

In some of the older playhouses (namin' no names), the structure itself and the arrangement of the exits are

so manifestly and dangerously defective, that one's mind is continually haunted by the thought of what would occur in the event of a fire or sudden panic—especially if the house were full and the gangways blocked with *strapontin* seats. Then, last but by no means least, there are the generally uninviting and frequently offensive conditions which obtain in the "cloakrooms," lavatories, etc. The arrangements under these headings at many Parisian theatres would disgrace a travelling circus. Even allowing for the patriarchal simplicity and Bohemian *sans-gêne* of the French in these matters, it is difficult to account for the fact that theatrical managers who cater largely for cosmopolitan visitors should remain complacently content with arrangements inferior to those of a second-rate railway station.

Of which reflection a bright idea is born. These things being matters of serious concern to a large number of Parisian Americans, why shouldn't the Colonial Dames, or the Daughters of the Republic, persuade Mr. Coolidge to reduce the French war debt by a hundred millions or so, on condition that every theatre in Paris shall be vacuum-cleaned, disinfected, redecorated, upholstered and provided with adequate modern sanitation? In that way, we might *all* get something out of having won the war. With all due respect, I commend the idea to the League of Nations.

Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston

By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A., F.S.A.

ANYBODY passing along Knightsbridge can hardly fail to notice a large, old-fashioned house, just to the west of Ennismore Gardens, standing back from the roadway and partially hidden by a wall. The place is observable not only because it is the only mansion of any considerable size which has survived in this neighbourhood from Georgian days, amid a wholly modern environment, but because it has attached to it a large conservatory, the first of its kind, it is said, to be erected as an adjunct to a private house. Immediately opposite is an iron gateway, long since disused, but forming part and parcel of the park railing, which may not have been so often observed. Both the mansion and the gate have interesting associations, for the former, known still as Kingston House, was built by the once notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston; and the latter was an entrance into the park which she was permitted, by the then ranger, George, Prince of Wales, to make for the purpose of being able to enter Hyde Park practically from her own door.

The prevailing note of the eighteenth century may be said to have been individuality. Then, people did much as they liked without thought for the criticism of others. It is for this reason that so many men and women, not notably brilliant from an intellectual point of view, have left outstanding names out of all proportion to their mental or physical endowments. The fact is they were not afraid *monstrari digito*; on the other hand they do not seem to have gone out of their way to *épater le bourgeois*. They were simply content to be themselves, without hypocrisy and without false modesty. They lived their lives of self-indulgence regardless of consequences; public opinion affected them not at all; and if they did not quite carry this method of careless, irresponsible existence to the lengths it obtained in France at the same period, this was probably because certain racial instincts, stronger even than personal will or predilection

held them within stricter bounds. Here and there, however, cases occurred where even this was not so; and in consequence we find the selfish existence and cynical indifference of an "Old Q," the blatant flouting of the conventions of a Barrymore, the outspoken utterances of a Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or the frank vulgarity of a Lady Lade.

Among such as these there has hardly been one, irrespective of sex, who set herself so consistently to follow her own desires, or to slight the prejudices and susceptibilities of the world in such a marked degree, as Elizabeth Chudleigh, who, in a period by no means squeamish, became conspicuous by her vagaries, and in a society by no means strict created around her an *aura* of scandal almost without parallel in the annals of notoriety. The history of this amazing woman was indeed from first to last a remarkable one. From indiscreet maid of honour to bigamous duchess she passes across the scene of that full-blooded eighteenth century, an egregious figure, for she succeeded in shocking a generation which was not usually capable of being shocked at anything.

Elizabeth Chudleigh was born in 1720, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, a member of an old Devonshire family, who became Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital in 1715, and died there in 1726. If this Colonel Chudleigh can be identified with the "truculent Whig" of the same name who insulted Mr. Aldworth, a Tory Member of Parliament, at St. James's, and eventually killed him in a duel in Marylebone Fields, one may perhaps trace in the known characteristics of that gentleman something of the dare-devil impress on those of his daughter.

That daughter first swims into our ken when she became, through the good offices of Mr. Pulteney, a maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and at Leicester House, where Prince Fritz held his opposition court, her undoubted charms of manner and person, and a sprightliness of conduct and conversation, surrounded her with numbers of admirers. That it was her natural gifts that did this is obvious, for she was so poor that when her father died he was only able to leave her the relatively insignificant sum of £200 a year.

Among her most devoted admirers was the young Duke

of Hamilton, son of a more famous father who had been killed in the notorious duel with Lord Mohun. This young man was about this time setting out on one of those "grand tours," by which it was then customary for people of position to complete their education; but so enamoured of Elizabeth Chudleigh was he that he entered into a formal, though quasi-secret, engagement with her, and it was definitely arranged between them that on his return she should become his duchess.

The young duke departed on his travels; but so far from distance cooling his ardour it seems to have accentuated it, and he sent letter after letter to his *inamorata*. The earlier of these may have come into her hands; but the subsequent ones did not, and for a very excellent reason—they were intercepted. Miss Chudleigh was living with an aunt, Mrs. Hanmer, and, soon after the Duke's departure, another of her admirers began to make unequivocal advances. This new aspirant was the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, a captain in the Royal Navy, and son of John, Lord Hervey, by the beautiful Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey. For some reason his suit was smiled on by Mrs. Hanmer, who, the better to further it, took the opportunity of suppressing the Duke of Hamilton's letters.

It is not pretended that Miss Chudleigh cared for Hervey, indeed she seems to have had an active dislike for him, but propinquity and insistence, combined with the pique she felt at what appeared to be negligence and forgetfulness on the part of the Duke, were successful in overcoming her indifference, if it was nothing more, and she and Hervey were duly married privately on August 21, 1744, at the chapel attached to the residence of a Mr. Merrill, at Lainston, near Winchester. There is every reason to know that she immediately discovered her husband's true character. The whole affair proved, indeed, disastrous, and may be regarded as the cause of much of the trouble which dogged her during her life. On the day after the wedding she resolved never again to live with Hervey, and although circumstances subsequently caused her on one occasion to depart from this determination, for the present she held firmly to it, and in consequence began a life of dissimulation; returning to her duties as maid of honour, in the anomalous

position of having to pose as a spinster while really being a wife.

Again she became the centre of admiration, and her time was largely occupied in accounting to her suitors for her obduracy, and in keeping quiet her husband from putting in force his continual threats to reveal the marriage. Her chief card was the fact that were the union known she would lose her position as maid of honour; while the fact that Hervey was a poor man made him unwilling to burden himself with the expenses of a wife, although he was anxious (especially when reports of the admiration she was receiving from the *habitués* of Leicester House gave him pangs of jealousy) to have the satisfaction of her company. As a naval officer he was, however, frequently away on duty with his ship, and during these intervals his wife was able to enjoy herself in her own way; as she once expressed it: "Her misery commenced from the arrival of Captain Hervey in England, and the greatest joy she experienced was the intelligence of his departure."

It was probably at this time, when the Captain was far away, that Miss Chudleigh, as she was still supposed to be, became the reckless young lady of a variety of anecdotes. Of these the best-remembered is her appearance at a masquerade at Ranelagh where, to the astonishment of all, she entered the ball-room in the character of "Iphigenia," allegorical, one supposes she thought it, of her own estate, with so little clothing on that even the sophisticated crowd gasped in amazement, and pictorial art perpetuated the prodigy.

Horace Walpole has recorded many of the pranks she played at this time and some of her sayings. She had already established for herself a reputation for daring in word and deed, and her latest vagary became a topic of conversation, bandied about in the small and select world in which she moved, and forgotten as soon as its place was taken by some fresh exposition of her intrepidity. There is no doubt that she lost no opportunity for keeping her personality well before the world. Once at the play one of the royal guards, who used then to stand at each side of the stage, fell to the ground in an apoplectic fit, whereupon Miss Chudleigh became so hysterical that the attention of the whole house was drawn to her.

Her royal mistress had frequent occasion, and at least once took it, to reprove her too outrageous maid of honour, for whom she, however, had a marked partiality, whereupon Miss Chudleigh is said to have replied: "*Chacun a son But(e), Ma'am*"; a daring reference to what all the world was talking about at the time—the intimacy between the Princess Dowager and her son's future Prime Minister.

With the gossip of Strawberry Hill, indeed, you may follow Miss Chudleigh through this period of her amazing Odyssey; may find her flirting with George II, and receiving presents from that not otherwise specially lavish monarch; being suggested as "Secretary for War" by the hardly less enamoured Prince Fritz; or giving a kiss to the old King in full Drawing Room, as a reward for his having appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor —the mother whose death in 1756 she bemoaned equally publicly, crying about it at one of the royal Drawing Rooms to such an extent that the circumstance inspired George Selwyn with the following epigram:

> What filial piety! what mournful grace,
> For a lost parent, sits on Chudleigh's face!
> Fair virgin, weep no more, your anguish smother!
> You in this town can never want a mother.

In the meanwhile Miss Chudleigh (or Mrs. Hervey, to give her her correct title) had more cause for sorrow in the return and importunities of her husband. She was persuaded to meet him, and she kept what she afterwards described as "an assignation with a vengeance," the result being that she eventually gave birth to a child, at Chelsea, which however died in infancy, as apparently did a second infant which she bore to Hervey. Not long after this the Duke of Hamilton returned to England, and lost not a moment in going to see "Miss Chudleigh." At this interview the mystery of the suppressed letters was explained, but what was impossible to explain was the fact that the young lady was no longer a spinster but a wife, and the Duke, thoroughly mystified at being forbidden to pay her further visits, retired to find eventual consolation in the arms of one of the beautiful Gunning sisters.

If the fashionable world was astonished at this, it was still more so when it heard that the addresses of the Duke of Ancaster had also been repulsed, especially when it

considered the ambitious character of the maid of honour as well as her essentially amorous disposition. That she found her life an impossible one is natural enough; and in order to rid herself of importunities, and the necessity for continually inventing excuses for her conduct, she resolved to leave England for a time.

She went to Dresden, then to Berlin, where she met the great Frederick, who corresponded with her (he had a mania for thus expressing himself), and she was kindly entreated of the Electress of Saxony, a broad-minded lady, who extended to her friendship and protection to the end of her life.

In due course Mrs. Hervey returned to England, but only to find that Lord Howe was a fresh suitor for her hand, what time the inevitable Hervey was continually crossing her path and appearing at every public or private function at which she showed herself. So insistent did he become indeed, that, regardless of consequences, he threatened to expose the story of the marriage to the Princess of Wales. But his wife anticipated him in this, and laid the whole facts of the case before her royal mistress. The Princess heard and pitied her, and never allowed the circumstance to interfere in their future intimate relations.

But notwithstanding such sympathy and protection, there was no gainsaying the fact that Captain Hervey possessed inalienable rights in the lady who was his legal wife. That wife was, however, no ordinary woman, and, casting about for some means by which she could disembarrass herself of an uncongenial mate, and at the same time defy him for the future, she hit on the daring expedient of destroying the evidence of the marriage. To this end she journeyed down to Lainston, made some pretext for wishing to inspect the marriage register, and, the clergyman who married her being either dying or actually dead, was able to tear out the leaf on which the vital entry stood, without exciting suspicion in a rather careless custodian. It is a significant fact that she did not actually destroy the page she had extracted. As we shall see she was to make further use of it.

At this time appeared on the scene the Duke of Kingston, and Mrs. Hervey became his mistress. Regardless of public opinion she seems to have made no secret of

her relations with the Duke, who spent vast sums of money on her, and whose wealth enabled her to build the house in Knightsbridge, and in it to give those lavish entertainments the details of which are to be found in the letters of Walpole and the diaries and news-sheets of the period.

We have now arrived at the year 1769 when a fresh factor entered into the relations of Mrs. Hervey and her husband, and Walpole may tell it in his own words to Mann. Says he:

> After a marriage of twenty years, Augustus Hervey, having fallen in love with a physician's daughter at Bath (she was a Miss Moysey), has attacked his spouse, the maid of honour, the fair Chudleigh, and sought a divorce for adultery. Unfortunately, he had waited till all the witnesses of this marriage are dead, as well as the two children. The provident virgin had not been so negligent;

and he proceeds to give the story of the marriage register, only varying it by saying that it was obtained by threats from the then dying Mr. Amis, rector of Lainston, who married the parties. He proceeds:

> The Ecclesiastical Court has admitted her corporal oath, and enjoined silence on Mr. Hervey. Next week the fair injured innocence, who is but fifty, is to be married to the Duke of Kingston, who has kept her openly for half that time, and who by this means will recover half his fortune which he has lavished on her.

There is no doubt whatever that this divorce was obtained by collusion, and equally no doubt that the parties thought themselves quite safe to go their own ways after it was pronounced binding. The marriage with the Duke of Kingston took place on March 8, 1769, in St. Margaret's, Westminster; Mrs. Hervey's name being entered as Elizabeth Chudleigh, spinster, and the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the ceremony.

For four years the new Duchess flaunted her splendour and her vagaries to the top of her bent: in London, at Thoresby, at Bath, and so forth, and it was at 5 South Parade in Bladud's city that the Duke died, in the September of 1773. By his will he left nearly everything to his widow, and totally disinherited Evelyn Meadows, who, as the son of Lady Frances Meadows (*née* Pierrepont), the Duke's sister, had always been regarded as his heir. It is said that before the Duke's decease the Duchess endeavoured to have another will still more in her favour executed, but that Mr. Field, the Duke's solicitor, seeing

the moribund condition of his client, absolutely refused to be a party to it. A contemporary writer, commenting on this, remarks that Field proved a friend in disguise to the Duchess, in acting as he did, as it was a moral certainty that had the new will been executed, it would have been set aside, and the Duchess would then have received nothing but her jointure.

Immediately after the Duke's death, the Duchess of Kingston left England for Rome, where she was received by the Pope, Ganganelli, with those marks of distinction which noble travellers then habitually received at the hands of foreign potentates. In Rome she inaugurated her sojourn by ordering a yacht she had purchased to be sailed, at great trouble and expense, up the Tiber; and she caused as much excitement by her doings in the Holy City as she had in the capital of her own land.

But storms were brewing in that land. A certain Mrs. Cradock, once a dependent of Miss Chudleigh's, and one of those present at her marriage with Hervey, had fallen into indigent circumstances, and she applied, through Mr. Field, for assistance. Field, unaware of her knowledge and power, peremptorily refused help, and Mrs. Cradock left him, vowing vengeance. She applied to Mr. Evelyn Meadows, and made known to him all the circumstances of which she was cognizant, with the result that an indictment for bigamy was preferred against the Duchess, and a true bill was found.

The celebrated trial began on April 15, 1776, and lasted for five days, and the fact of the marriage being clearly proved the Duchess was duly convicted of bigamy. A writ preventing her from leaving the country was in preparation, when she heard of it through private means, and was advised immediately to fly before it could take effect. This she did, in a characteristic way. Having invited a large party to Kingston House, she, while her guests were awaiting her appearance, slipped into a hired post-chaise, and was driven off to Dover, whence she succeeded in crossing to France.

But before this, and during the time the trial was imminent, Foote had written his play, "A Trip to Calais," in which he introduced her under the thin disguise of Lady Kitty Crocodile, and this he threatened to get performed unless he received a sum of £2,000 for its suppression.

For a moment intimidated, the Duchess offered £1,400, then £1,600; but the playwright, imagining he would get what he wanted, by refusing the lesser sums, stood out for his £2,000. A vast correspondence ensued, which found its way into the public prints, much to the amusement of the town, and the Duchess at bay, and regardless of consequences, brought counter accusations of a disgraceful character against her enemy; finally Foote obtained nothing, because the Lord Chamberlain stepped in and peremptorily forbade the performance of the play.

There is another characteristic anecdote told of the Duchess while the matter of her bigamy was *sub judice*. The Earl of Bristol was known to be in bad health, and his heir was his brother Hervey. What then does the indomitable lady do but force the new rector of Lainston to replace in the register the certificate proving her previous marriage. No wonder she could remark on one occasion, "I can either be Duchess of Kingston or Countess of Bristol." She was determined to be on the side of the titled angels at any cost.

After the trial an attempt was made by Evelyn Meadows to have the Duke's will set aside, but this was unsuccessful, and the Duchess again betook herself to the Continent. She had, before her trial, made certain arrangements to visit Russia, and thither she now went. Arrived there she proceeded to purchase an estate near St. Pêtersburgh, for which she paid £12,000, and which she named "Chudleigh." But difficulties arose with regard to the presence of a foreigner in that country; and after vainly employing all sorts of artifices to circumvent this disability, she was obliged to withdraw to Calais, endeavouring to cut her loss by turning her property into a brandy-producing centre.

At Calais she bought another house (she seems to have had a mania for spending money on all sorts of projects), but she found this not sufficiently splendid for her love of ostentation, and we next find her purchasing a property in the Montmartre district of Paris. Apparently she did this without properly examining it, for when she did, after the negotiations were completed, she discovered the house to be in so ruinous a condition as made it practically uninhabitable. A law suit ensued, and it was the failure to set aside the sale that indirectly caused her death.

A contemporary account thus relates the circumstance:

> She was at dinner when her servant received intelligence of a sentence respecting the house near Paris having been awarded against her. The sudden communication of the news caused an agitation of her whole frame. She flew into a violent passion, and, in the agitation of her mind and body, she burst an internal blood-vessel.

However, even this she for a time survived; but a few days later, on the morning of August 26, she said to her maid, "I am not very well, but I *will* rise." She accordingly got up, was dressed, and walked about her room, and, feeling thirsty, asked for a glass of Madeira. This having refreshed her, she demanded a second, and saying, "I can sleep, and after sleep I shall be entirely recovered," she lost consciousness, and so without regaining it, passed away.

There is something parallel in the character of this remarkable woman with that of the redoubtable Sarah of Marlborough. Both were possessed of indomitable wills, both were beautiful, and were spoilt by much adulation; above all, both, in an age when individuality was rampant, were outstanding in impressing their personalities on their contemporaries. But here the parallel ceases, for the Duchess of Kingston far outsoared the earlier Duchess in daring of deed if not in daring of speech; and she remains the single example in her particular station of a great lady who allowed no considerations to interfere with her pleasure or her ambition, and who, to further her schemes, did not hesitate to break the laws of her country, just as by her wayward daring she had so often impinged on the laws of decency and good taste.

She has been called the Amazing Duchess, and with good reason, for she passes across the scene of eighteenth-century life, outstanding in her waywardness, and, it must also be confessed, in her personal charms. If one seeks for a palliation for her conduct it is to be found in her presence in a factitious environment, and in her ill-assorted marriage. One cannot but think that if she had, as she wished, been able to live in the environment of Catherine II, she would have found a more appropriate *milieu* for her vagaries at the court of that sovereign than in the more restrained atmosphere of Leicester House and St. James's.

Francis Thompson

By H. P. R. Finberg

WITHOUT rebellion and with scarcely a lament he suffered his outward life to become the merest shuttlecock of destiny. It was as if the ordinary power of conscious choice had been denied him, so that while other men could walk deliberately, treading each the path of his own wisdom or folly, he must remain selfless and passive as blown thistledown. In this dependence upon some outward force more mighty than his own will lay the secret of his entire mysterious existence; and, perceiving it, he spoke always as if poetry were no abstraction, but a merciless queen exacting from even the greatest of her vassals a tribute of lifelong service. Under that most imperious of sovereigns he drifted upon every breath of circumstance, helpless to the last and, perhaps more than any other master-singer, defenceless against his own power of song.

Trained as a young man for the priesthood and, when that height seemed inaccessible, for medicine, he was not upheld, so far as can be discovered, by any sure knowledge of his real vocation. No one, himself least of all, had skill to unfold that riddle. So, in the battle with sickness and poverty he tried many a painful walk of life, descending always lower in the worldly scale until for the unprofitable outcast bereft of resource and given over, in despair at so much waywardness, by even the kindest friends, nothing remained but days and nights of hunger and dereliction in the streets of London. Nearly thirty years had " crackled and gone up in smoke " before out of that misery came song and with it a measure of prosperity. Wilfred Meynell, by accepting for publication a poem and a prose essay from his pen, closed the first chapter of the poet's life. Thenceforward the friendship of the Meynells gave him shelter from the stress of circumstance and abundant opportunity for the composition of poems which were hailed at their first publication

as an achievement equal to the grandest in England's treasury of master-works. Not many poets have been so speedily or so generally acclaimed. It was a brief interval of glory, lasting but four years—an Indian summer quickly dispelled by the crowning disaster of a tragic life. The new poems in the second volume outshone all that earlier magnificence as a king surpasses in splendour the heralds of his processional array; but this time there was no burst of plaudits, for the multitude which had given a ready welcome to stately rhythms and many-coloured imagery cared not at all for the "jetting tops of thought," and so far as its aversion could prevail, dishonoured these indisputable title-deeds of his pre-eminence. Little as he prized the world's approval, he knew that his work was at an end and composed himself to silence during the ten years of life that still remained. Posterity has no cause to regret that third and final chapter, for great poets have often marred their fame by overmuch loquacity, and whatever a riven heart or an illuminated vision could inspire had already found expression in his verse. He had been a reed fashioned by poetry according to her pleasure into an instrument of immortal melody; and now that the melody had gone out upon the wind, the reed lay broken and incapable of music. Well might he complain of the "implacable sweet daemon," poesy, and mourn that his gaze

> too early fell . . .
> Upon her ruinous eyes and ineludible!

There is a close and highly significant correspondence between the life of a supreme artist and the early stages of the Mystical Way. In that deliberate approach to sanctity, the voluntary renunciation of the world's vanities leads to a purifying process which may cover many years, for it is terminated only when the soul has been utterly detached from finite affections. Until then, agonies of mortification are endured and even sought out by the spiritual athlete, not for their own sake, but because pain is known to be a condition of sanctity, as of all supreme attainment. To this *via dolorosa* succeeds the state of illumination, when mysterious gates are opened and a world of hidden things made visible to a soul over which appearances have lost their power, thanks to the cleansing

discipline that has prepared it for this revelation of the ultimate Reality.

The true artist's resignation of prosperity and of happiness as common minds understand happiness is, like that of the saint, complete and irrevocable. It may not always be spontaneous from the outset: Dante must feel the bitterness of unjust exile; Milton, Coleridge and Keats be shut out from the glory of the world by poverty or ill-health, until the mortality of things has left a vivid mark on their perceptions; but in the end all that harshness of circumstance is accepted with a perfect acquiescence of the will. One who thus renounced all and regretted nothing has described the extremity of sacrifice in his lines *To the dead Cardinal of Westminster*:

> He measureth world's pleasure,
> World's ease, as Saints might measure;
> For hire
> Just love entire
>
> He asks, not grudging pain;
> And knows his asking vain.

As a statement of the asceticism which precedes great art this poem and the one *Against Urania* are complete: their burden is of "sacrificial tears and anchoretic years" not yet rewarded by the illumination of the third mystic state. But presently, in *The Mistress of Vision* and elsewhere, strains of a less mournful music become audible; for at the furthest limit of the poet's anguish eternal secrets have been disclosed, and in the hour of that revelation his travail ends. It is the dawning of ecstasy and sunrise of apocalyptic insight.

The saint, because his destiny is more august, pauses not even here. For him the consummation of the Mystical Way, that final state for which *Deification* is in the judgment of its adepts the one fitting name, lies out of reach until a more desolate abyss of gloom has been fathomed. But this Dark Night of the Soul and its culmination in the state of Deific Union are lonely uplands untrodden by any poet's foot, unvisited save by the strongest and most solitary of the world's pilgrims.

From the awful initiation of those three earlier states the poet emerges in a condition of atlantic strength. His abandonment of selfish quests and the resulting crucifixion

in him of such longings as are not immortal have imparted the bitter certainty that pain is the great

> Key-bearer and Keeper
> Of the treasuries of God.

Furthermore, the poet or sage who becomes in virtue of the "hierarchical vision" a "spectator of all time and all existence" is proof, as Plato says, against the entire armoury of misfortune. A lesser artist easily surrenders to the tyranny of circumstance and murmurs that

> It is in truth iniquity on high
> To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they crave,

—but the great poet, by nature equally if not more sensitive to the miseries of earth, can yet gaze into the heart of woe and greet it with a pæan of exultation. Balancing loss and gain, he grudges not at all the cost of such a triumph. And, of all those who have possessed that sombre wisdom, none made it more thoroughly his own than he who wrote those lines—surely the sternest and most terrible ever penned by mortal hand—that are well named *Laus Amara Doloris*.

If, however, an almost illimitable moral strength is one marked characteristic of the greatest poetry, so too is an undertone of sadness and a "sound of falling tears"; for how should an art be entirely happy that was planted in a seed-plot of pain? All that long immolation may indeed have left the singer's courage and faith unshattered, but must lessen his mere native lightness of heart. His can be no careless minstrelsy, no rapt morning-song of welcome to the splendour of the world; for one who gazes

> With wide eyes calm upon the whole of things

perceives that over the life of every man that lives there sits enthroned

> the Queen of Calvary,
> Holy and terrible, anointed Pain.

To ease this "human smart" our poet applied more anodynes than one; and *The Hound of Heaven* relates how children's laughter, the friendship of men and women, earth's deceitful beauty, all solaced him in turn, but all in turn betrayed him, discovering themselves in time of need as

> cords of all too weak account
> For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed.

The tragic tone which pervades this and much of the world's greatest poetry is deepened by the "hierarchical vision" which, if it nerves the seer to his daily battle, exposes him also to the invasion of an unreckonable discontent. Woods and ponds and star-light can give less than customary joy to eyes that have caught even a fleeting glimpse of woods that never lose their green and waters that reflect in their untroubled mirror the image of eternally unfading stars. This is the lot of an inspired singer, who views from afar the towers of a more splendid city. Having drawn breath in remotest ether, he can find little savour in common life, and being haunted by secret memories keeps evermore a lonely habitation.

Another characteristic of inspired song is its difficulty, and even its obscurity.

> Thou canst foreshape thy word;
> The poet is not lord
> Of the next syllable may come
> With the returning pendulum.

He is, in Shelley's phrase, the "hierophant of an unapprehended inspiration," and lives in communion with imperishable essences. These hidden realities, dimly surmised by the multitude of men, by him are seen and felt, and named with a lordly certainty of affirmation which is purchased, however, at the cost of an inevitable remoteness from common thought and speech.

> When thy seeing blindeth thee
> To what thy fellow-mortals see;
> When their sight to thee is sightless;
> Their living, death; their light, most lightless;
> Search no more—
> Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.

Small wonder that an art which has received this mission should stammer in a difficult language and fail to yield up its full meaning at a glance. The Proemion and fourth strophe of *An Anthem of Earth*, *Sister Songs* and *Sight and Insight* are especially open to the charge. Yet their obscurity is never wilful: they require nothing in their audience but the general knowledge that is the common property of cultivated minds, along with a measure of that attentive docility which must precede all true appreciation of the greatest art. The limpidity of their thought becomes

apparent when they are submitted to a more patient scrutiny. Only, perhaps, in *Memorat Memoria*, where the poet cries:

> And Above may ken, and Beneath may ken, what I mean by these words of whirl,
> But by my sleep that sleepeth not—O Shadow of a Girl!—
> Naught here but I and my dreams shall know the secret of this thing—

does the meaning of the verse remain finally impenetrable.

From an artist like this, "drunk with intellectual vision," it were idle to expect faultless expression or a miniature finish of style. He himself, in a valuable prose essay called *The Way of Imperfection*, draws out the significance in this respect of Ovid's remark that one mole on a comely face does but increase the comeliness; and of this principle he finds abundant illustration in Shakespeare's "rich faultiness." On the face of his own work are moles that proved conspicuous enough in the infancy of his renown to displease many of his elder critics and distract their gaze from the surrounding beauty, so that it remains for our own generation to arrive at a fairly-balanced estimate of his poetic style. But such an estimate cannot be formed unless a strict line of demarcation be drawn between his earlier and later periods, and unless the former, which embraces all the poems from *The Passion of Mary* to *Sister Songs* and *The Hound of Heaven*, be regarded as mere prentice-work, however marvellous. The second period, which opens with *Sight and Insight*, is the period of supreme illumination and includes nearly all his finest poetry. This division is indeed the poet's own; for in *The Night of Forebeing* he refers to his "old way of song" as a thing finally abandoned, and in *Retrospect* says:

> Therefore I do repent
> That with religion vain,
> And misconceivèd pain,
> I have my music bent
> To waste on bootless things its skiey-gendered rain.

He was writing now under the visitation of what he called "a sudden access of literary impulse," though "inspiration" would have been a truer name; and a subsequently cancelled preface heralded the change of style. "Of words I have coined or revived I have judged fit to

retain but few; and not more than two or three will be found in this book. I shall also be found, I hope, to have modified much the excessive loading both of diction and imagery which disfigured my former work." In the face of this apology the critic is disarmed; and he is placed under an additional necessity of condoning faults of expression when admonished that poetry of the highest order recognises but one canon of style: that the poet shall translate his vision with entire and absolute fidelity, so far as it admits of utterance in human language. It is otherwise with verse that lacks, for all its magnificence, this large aspiration to enshrine the "hierarchical vision," and is therefore confessedly responsible to the "scabby sapience" of ordinary judgment.

In *Sister Songs*, in *A Corymbus for Autumn*, and other poems of the early period, there is a riotous exuberance and over-emphasis of language where shy reticence had but enhanced the beauty. The poet's diction puts to shame with its elaborate splendour the pallor of our modern speech. It is drawn from the entire range of national song, from writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as much as from contemporary sources; for he was the authentic heir of all that golden dynasty, and by full right of lineage could squander a vocabulary of half-unremembered wealth. In two sonnets called *The Heart* he took away all foundation from the censure of those who cavilled at the

> inexhaustible
> Wassail of orgiac imageries

in his early poems. As a native "lord of language" he was conscious of indisputable rights.

This power over language degenerated into a licence in the coining of new words, and, however warmly it be maintained that poetry has lawful warrant for the stamping of such coinage, no good apology can be discovered for words like "immeditatably," "impitiably," "supportlessly," "remitless." A justification, however, can be discerned for "nescientness" in its intimation of a lack of knowledge more total than "ignorance" and more abiding than mere "nescience"; while other words that scandalized his early readers are supported by ample authority. "Soilure," for example, and "relume" are found in

Shakespeare, "gurge" in Keats, "sciential" in Lamb, and "lustihead" in Spenser. These and similar revivals are manifestations of a knowledge far more extensive than that of the critics who denounced their author for defiling the purity of the English tongue and who, like Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, had never heard of a "monstrance."

His verse cannot always be spoken aloud with pleasure: it pays that single toll to the age wherein it saw the light, an age in which poetry has become a pen-craft, appealing to the eye from printed pages rather than to the ear with faintly-murmured accompaniment of lute or harp. So it comes to pass that, although he utters many a line of perfect music, such as

> Caved magically under magic seas;
> And in her veins is quick thy milky fire;
> Dusk . . . like a windy arras waved with dreams;
> All its birds in middle air hung a-dream, their music thralled—

he also violates the harmony with inadmissible discords like "cluck'dst," "cast'st," "foist'st," "siev'dst," and with an immediate juxtaposition of words that cannot without loss of euphony support so close a contact, as in "verge shrivelled," "vaporous shroudage," "lineage strange." A lesser poet might have escaped these pitfalls, but would certainly have missed "the exaltation, the all-compensating wonder" of realities that lurk inviolably secure in those rough lairs.

His intimacy with a host of predecessors is displayed not only in the fullness of his diction, but also in the many traces of external influence that can be detected in his poetry. Thus, it is due to Shelley that *Sister Songs* became

> A floating haze of silver subtile song,

wearing so filmy and ethereal a radiance; and if the Mistress of Vision sings in a secret garden

> Set i' the pathless awe
> Where no star its breath can draw,

that is one more example of the same paramount influence. From Coventry Patmore he adopted the metrical form of rhymeless odes falsely named "irregular"; and a scholarly criticism would go on to discover reminiscences of Wordsworth in *The Night of Forebeing*, or still more con-

spicuously in *The Cloud's Swan-Song*: of Coleridge in *To My Godchild* and *Of Nature, Laud and Plaint*: of De Quincey and Browning in *An Anthem of Earth*: of Crashaw in *Love in Dian's Lap*, and elsewhere of Rossetti, Blake and the "metaphysical" poets. In most of these cases the derivation is no more than superficial, a similarity of manner rather than of thought; and even where the resemblance to an original is closest, as in *The Cloud's Swan-Song*, it is probably not the result of conscious imitation. The poet's originality was never called in question even by the most hostile of those who challenged all his other titles to supremacy.

His odes *For the Diamond Jubilee*, *The Nineteenth Century*, and *Peace* proved that he could write occasional verse as competently as the best of laureates; but otherwise the transitory interests of the time left scarcely a trace upon his work. To some of his friends, indeed, the aloofness and pure spirituality of his muse appeared excessive. Human love, the well-spring of so much great and little verse, was not among the sources of his inspiration, and save in four minor lyrics, *Nocturn*, *Dream-Tryst*, *Not Even in Dream*, and *Love Declared*, has no place in his work. Undoubtedly this limitation would have been harmful to the poet but for his true imaginative insight into an order of experience that was partly alien from his own solitary and sequestered life.

To single out any one poem as the finest of his works is a task requiring careful discrimination. Many of the short lyrics are, like the *Poems on Children*, *Lilium Regis*, *To a Snowflake*, and *At Lord's*, perfect and immediate in their appeal, and yet seem nothing in comparison with poems of a grander scope. Of these, *The Hound of Heaven* is commonly regarded as the poet's masterpiece. Chronologically it stands at the beginning of his greatest period: the gathering, not the crest, of that mighty wave. A noble work, it is yet marred by deficiencies of execution. Perhaps the palm should be awarded to *The Mistress of Vision*; perhaps to that panorama of the human pilgrimage from birth to death, *An Anthem of Earth*. If with half ironical depreciation he spoke of the one as "a fantasy with no more than an illusive tinge of psychic significance," and of the other as "only an exercise in

blank verse," this was to assert with a *noli me tangere* their just claim to immunity from any but a technical criticism and so to maintain the autonomy of poetic inspiration, for how could an adept suffer uninitiated minds to sit in judgment upon the mystical vision?

One critic met the *Anthem of Earth* with an objection that would have told with equal force against *Paradise Lost*: that it was rhymeless. Another described *The Mistress of Vision* as "nonsense-verses"; while *The Hound of Heaven*, where the meaning unfolds itself from start to finish in logical sequence, was denounced as the erratic utterance of an inconsequential mind. Imagery that made the universe its box of toys and scattered handfuls of stars did but scandalize judges who discerned no beauty there, only a deficiency of taste. Small wonder, therefore, that the language of *New Poems* was assailed as a "barbarous jargon" and "a dictionary of obsolete English suffering from a fierce fit of delirium"; and finally, as if to show how far misunderstanding could extend, the author of *Love in Dian's Lap* was called "a poet of sin."

Verdicts that have so slight a pretension to authority can arouse no indignation when it is remembered that a great poet belonging to the little band of "unacknowledged legislators" will ever be, in Shelley's words, "a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds," and that upon this unseen musician no power can sit in final judgment save the jury that must be "empanelled by time from the selectest of the wise of many generations." And it is likely that the decision even of that high court will add but little to what in anticipation of its pronouncement the singer said of his own song:—

> The touches of man's modern speech
> Perplex her unacquainted tongue;
> There seems through all her songs a sound
> Of falling tears: She is not young.
>
> Within her eyes' profound arcane
> Resides the glory of her dreams:
> Behind her secret cloud of hair,
> She sees the Is beyond the Seems.
>
> Her heart sole-towered in her steep spirit,
> Somewhat sweet is she, somewhat wan;
> And she sings the songs of Sion
> By the streams of Babylon.

Magdalen in Sicily

By Louis Golding

SICILY is the remotest country in Europe, farthest from our knowledge and experience. There is an aloofness about her, a bitter jealousy. And if you travel in her third-class railway carriages, you find yourself among a people wilder than any that inhabit Libya or the moon.

You can imagine then how dizzy with surprise I was not long ago, travelling in the bleakest stretch of the Sicilian interior, to find the air suddenly thick with familiar tones, faces, garments. If I had met these people in Palermo, studying the mosaics, I would not have given them a second thought, excepting, of course, Jim Hunter of Magdalen. What brought them hither, to this unrenowned landscape? Hunter, above all? Had he intended to make straight for the pyjama and chrysanthemum dances at the Hotel Excelsior at Taormina, and got into the wrong train? Whatever the truth was, the fact remains that while we were steaming slowly into some miserable station whose name I have forgotten, I saw a figure so exquisite and homeless that I felt it could belong to no other institution in the world save Magdalen in Sicily. The pale blue plus fours, the pale blue stockings, the sudden dart of colour in the three inches of scarlet garter-ribbon, the fringed tongue of the shoe, the easy but not licentious hat. . . . Heaven knows what creature could have been more astonishing in Sicily. He turned his face as the train stopped. It was. It was none other. Jim Hunter of Magdalen.

But I had already met Mr. Jacobs and Miss O'Donovan both in this same train. That was the strange thing about it all, that having found nothing so eminently and exclusively Sicilian as the Sicilian train, particularly its third-class carriage, it should in an hour develop into an institution as cosmopolitan as the Café Royal or the Dôme in Paris.

That little old Irish lady, for instance. Or was she not there at all? Was she a tricksy evocation of this charged deluding air? Did she or did she not say that she had rented a villa at Como with a Swiss girl as house-

keeper? At Como, I repeat. Had she said a villa on Mount Everest it would not have stuck in my memory, not so tenaciously. Did she not want to catch a connection at Turin? But I insist, Turin? She counted out all her money on the seat before her, including the price of the fare which the hotel porter had laid out for her. But he did not appear and she asked if I knew his address. I did not know his address. When all her notes were collected into tiny heaps, she took out her knitting.

Then she was not there any more. Yet I had eaten and drunk most temperately. She will be a problem beyond all solution for ever and ever. There was no doubt about the substantiality of Mr. Jacobs. He was a surveyor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in partnership with his brother, presumably another Mr. Jacobs. He was very tall and very melancholy, and had a bony, protruding chin. They were a very notable firm of surveyors, because the other Mr. Jacobs provided the stern business sense and this Mr. Jacobs provided the imagination. As he gave me the information, Mr. Jacobs's eyes darkened. If anything, he said, he overdid the quality of imagination. But fortunately there was always the other Mr. Jacobs's stern business sense to fall back on. We drifted on to the subject of marriage. He had the gravest doubts regarding marriage as a working arrangement. Marriage, he said mournfully, should be on a lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years. I do not think it was a philosophy prompted by any infelicitous experience of his own in the matter of marriage. He spoke like a voice out of the tears of things. In the old days, when business *was* business, you wouldn't buy a house without occupying it on trial for a year or two. But when you take a wife, which is even more important, he said sombrely, than buying a house, there is no option of rejection, at least no prompt, business-like dissolution of the arrangement.

He was not to be blamed for it. He saw things that way, imaginatively. The stern business sense of the firm lay with his brother. . . .

I was getting a little weary of this new cosmopolitanism in the Sicilian trains. Whence had they sprung? And the Portuguese painter who got in at the next station? Mr. Jacobs would have been pleasant in Lincoln's Inn

Fields, and his brother in Hampstead. It would have been engaging to meet the little old lady from Ireland in Killarney. I am not sure about the bloated painter from Portugal. . . . But what was becoming of the fierce remoteness of Sicily, its jealousy, its loneliness?

The sudden outbreak of cosmopolitanism had not been agreeable, except, of course, Hunter. But he was not cosmopolitan. He was purely English, purely Magdalen. I seized him joyfully, for we had been friends at Oxford. I will not say friends, but we had not antipathetically been aware of each other's existence. But now when he saw me, his face flushed as if we had loved each other from infancy, and I had died, and I had just emerged living from the tomb. So I bade him enter the third-class carriage beside me. He remembered that he had read about third-class carriages in books and had a sort of feeling that they were actually attached to trains. Settling down against the greasy corduroys of a shepherd's shoulder, he proceeded to rub the astonishment out of his eyes, not certain whether he was more astonished that he should meet someone he knew or that he himself should be here, here of all places south of Labrador.

"But here I am," he said. He had begun to feel in Palermo that his costume was distinguishing him too palpably from the other occupants of the island of Sicily, but he had no other clothes in his suit-case, excepting, of course, his evening things and his white flannels. He had, therefore, bought a black sombrero with a large brim and a black cape, so that he should be able to slip unnoticed through the crowd. Particularly at Sciacca, he said. There were brigands at Sciacca. Not that he minded brigands. It was a strange coincidence, I told him. I too had been earnestly warned of the brigands at Sciacca, which lies on the southward way to Girgenti. I said we would fortify each other. We would invent a system of signals. He said he had bought something in Palermo, he hoped he need not mention the name, but if things came to anything it might be useful. I requested him to place his hand, as it were accidentally, on my hip-pocket. He started. "You too have a revolver?" he said. "I too!" I answered. "It must be the same hotel-porter who warned us both!"

Before long the other cosmopolitans descended, and the natives became very friendly. They gathered round us and offered us cigarettes. They also asked the time. Anywhere than on the journey to Sciacca I would have welcomed their cordiality, because for my own part I think suspiciousness a detestable quality. But I had been told, and so had Jim Hunter, that the reason why there was no railway between Sciacca and a village a few miles from Porto Empedocle, which is the port for Girgenti, whither we were bound, was that the brigands would not allow it to be constructed. Apparently the line had been begun on more than one occasion, but the brigands had shot every tenth workman and torn up the lines. Nobody was station-master for very long at Sciacca. The brigands came in and asked for tickets and if he refused them, they shot him; and if he handed them over, they shot him also. I suppose the station-master at Sciacca, whom I actually saw, must have been a nominee of the brigands themselves. He did not look as if he expected his career to be cut short at any moment. He may have been one of the brigands disguised, and the real station-master lying weltering in his blood under the ticket-punch. That was the sort of thing I had been hearing about Sciacca. And so had Hunter, so mysteriously substantiated out of nothing to comfort me and be comforted over this sinister span of our journey.

So despite our better selves, when people offered us cigarettes and asked us the time, we could not help asking ourselves what their motives were. Must we not offer cigarettes in our turn and display what sort of case we carried them in? And to tell the time must you not consult your watch, thereby displaying that you have one and what kind it is. So extraordinarily cordial they were, and they carried little black bags.

It was pitch dark when we arrived at Sciacca. We issued from the station and were aware of a black hulk of hill and the lights of the town twinkling on top of it. The cordial gentlemen were all about us, hemming us in on every side. "The signori," said one of them, "need not go round by the carriage road. That is several kilometres out of the way. Let them follow us by the narrow path up the hill."

"What do you think they're after?" whispered Hunter.

"Much too friendly," I decided.

"Shall we proceed?" the cordial ones said.

"You are very kind. But we would not mind stretching our legs on the road after the long train journey."

"Perhaps the albergo will be shut, if you go the long way. It is already late."

"Anyhow," breathed Hunter, "we've both got one each. We'll die game."

"If they wanted to be nasty, there's no use going by the road. Let's try and keep behind."

"That's it. That'll see us through. We'll keep behind."

But it was not so easy as we had thought. It became perfectly evident before long that we were not the only ones trying to keep behind. The greater part of their company was trying to do the same thing. They had the advantage of us, because they knew the road.

"Stoop down," I muttered, "and tie your shoe-lace; I'll bark my shin. That'll make them go on ahead."

Hunter stooped down to his shoe. I barked my shin, somewhat too successfully. To our horror we found our relative positions did not change. The cordial ones also were tying their shoe-laces.

The sweat started from our brows. We panted up the hill, hand upon hip-pocket.

"Are you loaded?" asked Hunter.

"No, I thought it would be too dangerous. Are you?"

"I am."

"Be careful!" I implored.

"Let us try," he said, "tying our shoe-laces again." We stooped. As one man, the company behind us stopped and once more tied its shoe-laces. I reached my hand out through the darkness towards Hunter's hand to bid him good-bye. He started.

"Heavens!" he cried. "I almost fired!"

"I wish you had. It might have put us out of our anxiety. We will never get to the top of this hill!"

"Not very probable. What do they do with bodies?"

We were on the summit of the hill. We stood and gasped for some moments, then advanced for a little

distance and entered the radius of a lamp's rays. The faces of the cordial ones were yellow, though a faint flush was beginning to creep towards the cheek bones. Their eyes, though still protruding a little from the sockets, were slipping back into place.

"It occurs to me," I said to Hunter, "that these people were rather more frightened of us than we of them. Can that have been possible?"

"You do not take brigands seriously enough," he conjectured.

"They did."

"Here, signori, is the hotel," they panted. They deposited us on the doorstep, not quite certain even yet that nothing was going to happen to them.

"It is your plus fours," I said severely, "that frightened them."

Hunter was penitent. "I'll have to cover them up with my cape and sombrero. They will not notice me then."

But they did. He assumed those garments next morning, and though the public automobile we took started at a desperately early hour, though it started in a driving torrent of rain, the word went like wildfire through sleeping Sciacca that a stranger well worth gazing on left the town in a few minutes. Doors and windows were flung open, the inhabitants came running towards us to marvel at those garments which Hunter had bought for the specific purpose of rendering himself inconspicuous. The pale blue plus fours had attracted considerably less attention. "I will see it through!" said Hunter grimly. He lifted the collar of the cloak about his ears, pulled down the brim of his sombrero over his eyes, and strode furiously in a damp circle about the automobile.

Not long after we entered the train again, a band of peasants followed us. They would have taken advantage of any occasion to pledge each other's health, because they were lively creatures. But somebody had been married, or buried it may have been, or someone had escaped one or the other. The fact was that they were already fairly exhilarated, and though the spectacle of Hunter's garments sobered them for one moment, it was for one moment only. They forthwith proceeded to

exhilarate themselves still further, bringing forth a large number of bottles for that purpose. It was impossible to resist their infectious good spirits, still less the wine they pressed upon us. The most hilarious of the whole company was a young priest. He drank most deeply and sang most resonantly, and when the students proceeded to intone a parody of the music sung on Good Friday, he joined in and directed them with a salacious solemnity. Then the singing swung around again to livelier measures, and though he felt it incumbent on him to bury his face in his hands for a moment during a ballad of wedded love and its most intimate obligations, by the second verse he was singing more lustily than the rest. A foxtrot followed. A peasant with hair like Pan and pointed finger nails half an inch long, came over to Hunter and bade him dance with him. Hunter for one wild moment remembered Magdalen. He remembered solemn dances at the Embassy. He remembered hunt balls in the sedater countries. Then he threw his cloak from his shoulders and sombrero from his head and abandoned himself to foxtrot, up and down along the aisle in a third-class Sicilian railway carriage, forward and backward among the cigarette-ends and orange-peel, to the beating of time by the young priest, the pale blue plus fours and the Sicilian shoddy—Hunter of Magdalen. I remembered an occasion upon which Hunter and I were involved in revelries in Oxford, and how, when they were over, some base spirit suggested a moment's dalliance at the coffee-stall under the six cypresses beyond Magdalen. I remembered Hunter, though he was in no less gay a mood than any, stiffening in all his members at the suggestion of a coffee-stall, where the people foregather, the people who do not hunt in Leicestershire. I looked upon him now, tripping zealously among the orange-peel, avoiding the heap of bound chickens, skirting the tails of the onions, and my eye kindled. Sicily the leveller, I murmured. But tell it not in Leicestershire. O whisper it not at the Berkeley, among the small discreet tables. And may the shades of your patrician ancestors forgive you, O Hunter of Eton and Magdalen, that danced in a third-class carriage in Sicily, what time the sun receded and the moon rose over the quiet African sea.

Inbye

By G. E. Moore

THE last tub of coal was wheeled from the cage and, at a nod from the banksman, I stooped and took its place With a sudden, sickening surge, the cage dropped into the mouth of the shaft and a swift twilight faded into darkness. The clangour of the minehead gave place as quickly to a strange quietude which seemed to close in and in as the fathoms of earth passed up. The rail I grasped and crouched under became a solitary support poised in space, and the soft rub of the cage against its runners a friendly accompaniment in the solitude.

There came a sudden blaze of light and for a long moment a feeling of openness. The upper seam had been passed. Darkness and constriction enveloped me again. My eardrums throbbed. With a last surge the cage reached the bottom, hesitated, then dropped the final foot with a startling clamour. Stepping out under the cross-bar, I made the "raise" signal. A moment passed. Suddenly, the cage rushed upwards and was lost to sight; an instant more, and the sound of its flight had died away.

Utter, penetrating silence. A drop of water, oozing from a crack in the hewn roof, fell at my feet with a sharp splash. The moist air stirred faintly. Far away, unearthly, incongruous, there came the sound of singing. Nearer it drew. Presently a piece of sacking was pushed aside, and a pit pony emerged from a gallery. Patient and certain, it plodded by and passed on into the darkness of a tunnel. Again the curtain of sacking was lifted and a boy—the singer—with coal-smudged face and knees, appeared. No word or glance he spared, but, reaching up to a tiny shelf, he took down a can of cold tea. Still with no word or glance he passed on after the pony, and the sound of his singing grew faint and fainter. Silence crept back.

Lifting the clammy sacking I entered the gallery, and abruptly the cold rays of the electric lamp at the shaft's bottom were cut off. With but the faint, shrouded gleam of my safety-lamp to light my way I stumbled on by the side of a crude tramway, stooping at intervals to pass under rough cross-beams overhead. This was an old gallery, first cut generations ago. The precious "black

rock" had sent men delving to these depths, but the seam had begun to thin—and then was abandoned. Yet still there lay further stores of coal to be won, and years later, with means at hand for its more profitable extraction, these old workings were opened-up once more. And as I stumbled on, I recalled the strange relics of those distant days which awaited the newcomers.

Over a century ago two miners had crawled to the place of their long day's work. A settling of the stratum overhead had sealed them in, and here, in a catacomb of their own fashioning and enveloped by an atmosphere of their own breaths, the tallow candle slowly burned out and then the flame of life flickered and sank. The passing of the years brought great events in bewildering and changeful sequence far above on the earth's surface; but here in the faint warmth and deep silence naught changed, and even the still forms lying beside the heavy picks preserved the outward semblance of men. And one day, after the old workings had been again invaded, the quietude within this little cavern was broken by the sharp entrance of a pick, and when the gleam of an electric lamp shot in on a century ago it showed two quiet shapes which once were colliers suddenly crumbling into heaps of dust.

Presently I arrived at a Y in the road. I turned to the right down an inclined tunnel which grew so small that at last I was stooping to half my height, and with lamp in left ha... and helped by the short stick in my right, I groped onwards. In this wise I travelled about half a mile. Suddenly the roof rose and I was in a big chamber. A subdued hiss told me that a leaky compressed-air pipe ran through.

After a short rest I followed the pipe into a black hole in the side of the cavern. Progress was now on hands and knees, the safety-lamp dangling from my neck and a piece of coal gripped in each hand. Water dripped unceasingly from the rock overhead, and shallow black pools lay at intervals in my path. An occasional friendly hiss came from air escaping through joints in the pipe beside me.

At length I became aware of a subdued drumming noise. Reaching a blank wall of rock I turned to the left and wormed myself forwards for a space of several yards.

Here in a seam no thicker than two feet, with solid rock above and below, a squat little coal-cutter driven by compressed air was busily eating its way into the coal. As the spent air left the machine it formed a fog which filled the narrow space. And in this fog, lying beside the coal-cutter and following its slow motion across the working face, were its two human attendants—to-day's prototypes of the colliers who laboriously hewed with pick and abandoned sections which the ubiquitous coal-cutter now bit from the shelves of rock.

In a while, when the technical objects of my visit had been attained, I made my tortuous return along the way I had come. And as I slowly toiled onwards, my musings on the story of coal and of its locked-up energy lightened the tedium of that cramped and monotonous journey. Wonderful to reflect that countless ages ago the very ground on which I travelled in subterranean darkness was exposed to the glare of a tropic sun. Dense jungles and swamps covered the land, and strange, prehistoric creatures wallowed and flew. Of man—no trace!

At a later period in the world's history the vista changed. Great upheavals in the earth's surface wrought sweeping modifications, and, as the skin of the world thickened above the buried vegetation, the pressure grew and grew until the organic debris of an earlier age was squeezed into a carbonized mass.

Untold years later, after a great ice age had passed and the earth's surface had been remoulded, conditions permitted the existence of a new species with latent powers unrivalled among Nature's animate creatures. The magic of fire was invoked, and at a later date, where a slip in the earth's surface had caused an outcrop of that carbonized vegetation, the remarkable value of the black mass when ignited was first appreciated. Man had discovered and begun to utilize coal.

Later still, but soon with the quickening rate of his progress, man found that his growing need for coal could only be satisfied by boring fathoms deep to the rich seams below. There grew up a vast industry, which influenced and developed great engineering and other enterprises.

Strange, too (I reflected), the many forms which the

energy of the coal takes after being wrested from the seam and laboriously carried to the surface. Some of it—coal too poor in quality for domestic use or the finer industrial processes, and which at one time was considered valueless deadweight—by modern craft releases its energy in a remarkable series of transformations.

This coal is transported several miles to a great electric power station. Here, by means of mechanical stokers and a cunning knowledge of combustion, the energy locked-up in the low-grade coal is released as heat under immense boilers. These boilers, evaporating many thousands of pounds of water every hour of the day, provide steam at high pressure and almost hot enough to make its pipes red-hot. In the engine-room are 25,000 horse-power turbines which translate the energy of the steam into motion. The energy—mechanical now—drives squat electric generators revolving fifty times per second. And from these monsters becomes available that most potent and flexible of all forms of energy, recognized to-day as fundamental in all matter—Electricity.

The electrical energy is transformed to extra high tension and along overhead feeder-lines which radiate from the power station and which are no thicker than one's finger, thousands of horse-power of energy are sent to the neighbouring districts. One of these "feeders" comes to this very colliery. Up there on the surface it supplies electric motors; these actuate machines which suck the air in huge gasps and send it in compressed form to the pit workings. Down here the compressed air drives coal-cutters, and, having yielded up the energy of compression, spreads its welcome freshness inbye.

There at the working face which I had just left a remarkable cycle was being concluded. Energy which had left the depths of the mine in one guise, and had passed through many other forms and travelled so many miles, was back again and being expended within the age-old prison from which it had not long since been released.

* * * * *

My musings were broken on reaching the shaft bottom and signalling to bank. I waited awhile, still stirred by the wonder of it all. And suddenly, with scarcely a warning rumble of its approach, the cage appeared beside me.

The Daughter of a Turk

By Demetra Vaka

For several days, whenever I passed by the street-sweeper, clad in her grey trousers, I lingered to look at her. She was young and attractive, though not beautiful; but that which impelled me to bestow my attention on her was neither her youth nor her attractiveness. It was some subtle thing about her which differentiated her from the other Turkish women whom I saw sweeping the streets of Constantinople.

One day I stepped from the narrow, over-crowded pavement and bumped against her. I apologized in English. Her look of incomprehension told me that she did not know English. I changed to French:

"Dodging the trams and motor-cars is bad enough without having to look out for careless pedestrians. Please pardon me."

"It is nothing," she answered indifferently; then, "It's very civil of you to think of apologizing to me."

Just at that moment we both had to jump for our lives back to the pavement to escape being run down by a "Ford," whose occupant, an American girl of the Near East Relief whom I knew, had hardly time to wave her hand at me. I shook my fist in return. Her chauffeur had driven Enver Pasha in the days when he ruled the roost and was in mortal terror of his life; and the orders he then had received, not to slacken speed no matter who was in the way, still guided his conduct.

"But I am glad I bumped into you," I continued, "because it gave me a chance to speak to you."

"Why did you wish to speak to me?"

"Ever since I first saw you I believed that you were wasting your time."

"Do you consider it a waste of time to keep the streets clean?"

"Everyone to his trade. You could do something better. I can tell that you have been in a French school, mademoiselle, not because you speak French, but because

your manners have a certain brusqueness which those of you who have been educated in the old way at home rarely possess."

"If you went to school where teachers of another race looked down upon you and your religion—oh! not openly—would you not become self-assertive, too? Do you mean to tell me that the Americans in your schools here, and in America, regard us as their equals?"

"Would they deprive themselves of money to send over here for educational institutions to help you if they thought you had equal advantages with them? Come, you must be reasonable, mademoiselle."

"That is why the first move of Mustafa Kemal, when he gets rid of foreign control here, will be to pack philanthropy out of the country."

Her eyes flashed, and I could see that her impulse was to add something rude to me personally. Then the best in her reasserted itself, perhaps because I had addressed her as mademoiselle. Moodily she asked:

"Would you have spoken to me—if I had not been a street-sweeper?"

"Does it matter what a lady's occupation is?" I asked, evading her point.

She blushed, gave me a grateful glance, and then the corners of her mouth twitched with humour—that saving grace of the Turks.

"Perhaps you think I sweep the streets for the excitement of dodging the motor-cars?"

"Probably circumstances put you in need of money, and you thought this the only thing you could do."

"So you are a *miradju*: you tell the past and foretell the future. Then please tell me when I may expect the prince in the golden automobile to come and carry me away."

"That was the dream of the old-fashioned girl. The modern one does not expect a prince to lift her up. This is the golden age for women, for each is captain of her own soul and of her fortune."

She leaned despondently on the long handle of her broom. "I wish I could believe it," she mused with a far-away light in her eyes. Then shaking her black kerchief-covered head she ended, "*Ne zamen, ne zamen!*"

With two long strides she reached that part of the ill-paved streets where she had been sweeping, and started resolutely on her work, but she turned her head to see whether I had gone. I beckoned her to come back, and when she was beside me, said: "I should like to tell your fortune, but you must give me a little time." Pointing to the Péra Palace Hotel, which we could see through the railings of the Petits Champs: "I live there. Will you come to see me when you are through your work?"

She laughed with derisive amusement, and with a gesture toward her baggy grey trousers, the loose grey man's shirt, and the thick black kerchief on her head, she inquired:

"Can you imagine the very embroidered Montenegrin porter of your hotel permitting these things to enter where only moneyed people can go?"

"You can change into other clothes when your work is done."

"I—I live on the other side of the Golden Horn." She was a poor liar and invented lamely.

"Come to luncheon with me on your day off," I persisted.

She shook her head. "I am not curious about my fortune. I can tell it better than you."

Disregarding her objections I gave her my card. "Come if you can, only let me know the day before."

She took the card, though still declaring that she could not come. On the following day, as I passed her, I waved my hand at her, and could see that she was pleased; and on another day I insisted on pinning my flowers on her shirt, much to her amusement. After this I could see that she had learned to look for me.

Then one day her place was filled by another. When I inquired of the latter where she was I was met with the stupid stolidity of the Turkish lower class. The woman shook her head. No, she did not know where, or who, she was. Another street-sweeper standing by suggested brightly, "Perhaps she has got a husband. We marry easily in our profession."

My only means for finding her seemed to be at the Street Cleaning Department, but my work prevented me from taking the time to go there. Whenever I was on

foot I scanned the faces of the street-sweepers in the hope of some day seeing her whom I was seeking.

On the Greek Easter Sunday (two weeks after ours) I was walking from Kashim Pasha up to the Péra Palace, through streets that foreigners seldom see. With never-failing interest I watched the women at the public fountains as we passed. Carrying water to the homes not only provides the humbler Turks with much occupation, but serves also as social relaxation; for at the fountains the people all meet and linger for a bit of gossip. Each woman was armed with some kind of receptacle—usually the five-gallon tin can of the Standard Oil Company, with the top unsoldered and a straight wooden bar fastened in its place. What Turkey did before these five-gallon tin cans came into the country I can't imagine; for in the Near East they fulfil as many purposes as the bamboo does in the Far East. Except that the people don't eat them, they put them to every other imaginable use. Everything is carried in them, both by hand and on donkeys. They roof houses with them, and in the case of refugees build entire huts with them; and an American doctor told me that he even saw a Turk in Erivan brain an Armenian with one.

At one of the public fountains only five women were drawing water. Four of them had petroleum tins. The fifth bore one of those fascinating brass receptacles that used to be so common in rich households in Constantinople; and when I glanced from the brass to its bearer I was rejoiced to see that she was my lost street-sweeper. She was dressed in an old-fashioned black *feredje*, with a cheap white veil thrown over her head.

Abandoning my husband I rushed up to her and began to tell her, in French, how much I had missed seeing her. She stared at me as if she did not understand a word of the language. Could I be mistaken in the woman? No, it was certainly she; yet equally certainly she did not care to acknowledge my acquaintanceship. There might be some reason for this; therefore in Turkish I said:

"It is warm, and I am thirsty. Will you not give me a glass of water?"

"Come with me and I will give you one."

"Why can't she drink out of her hand?" one of the women with a Standard Oil tin asked.

The girl gave no heed to her. She waited for her turn at the fountain, standing aloof from the others, and speaking neither to them nor to me. When her jug was filled she stalked away.

On our way to her home I suggested: "You did not wish them to know that we knew each other?"

She nodded. "Nor that I spoke French, either."

In a few minutes we reached her door, a humble door of a tiny rickety house, on a sloping street unusually badly paved, which no other race but the Turks would have called a street at all.

"Wait here. I will fetch you a glass."

"I don't want any water. I merely pretended to, in order to fall in with your game of not knowing me."

"For the same reason you must have it now."

She entered the house, and reappeared with a goblet of water on a plate. I drank the water and examined the goblet.

"I should think that this glass and this plate would betray your former state as completely as speaking French."

"To you, but not to the people here, who never owned things themselves."

"But they betray you to other people, don't they?"

Proudly she tossed her head. "You would have known without my speaking French, without the goblet, wouldn't you?"

I did not reply, because her toss of the head reminded me so strongly of someone whom I could not place.

"Now that I have found you, may I come to see you?" I asked presently, abandoning the attempt to recall the person of whom she reminded me.

"Is that your husband?" she asked, evading my question.

"Yes, and if you will come to luncheon with me you will meet him."

"Except for my sweeping clothes, these are the only ones I have."

Then I did a shameful thing. "Suppose I come to-morrow and bring along some material. We can make a dress and a pelerine in a little while."

Her face kindled with humour. "Bribery and corruption!" Somewhat bitterly she added: "Why not? Turkey is famous for that, isn't she?"

The truth of this was embarrassing, but her humour reasserting itself lightened the situation.

"I shall be delighted to have you come to-morrow, but pray bring no bribes."

Squalid and miserable as was this quarter it was not more than ten minutes' walk down from the Péra Palace Hotel, though it took twice as long to climb up, and at ten o'clock the next morning I was before her rickety door. It had no knocker, nor was there a hospitable string to pull the latch. I picked up a pebble and knocked on the door.

Melek Hanoum, for that was her name, opened it, and I stepped inside a dark, low-ceilinged hall with a dirt floor, up a shaky flight of stairs, and we came to a large room whose *kefassed* windows opened upon a small decrepit Turkish graveyard. The room was scrupulously clean, and on the floor was a bed on which lay a woman who, although prematurely wrinkled and old, must once have been very handsome.

"This is my mother," said Melek. "She does not speak French."

I kissed the proffered hand of the invalid, and told her as best I could in Turkish that it was nice of them to let me come and see them.

"Melek told me about you, and that you are English."

"No, I come from America," I replied.

She smacked her lips. "Rich country! Very rich country!" she exclaimed enviously. "Sit here by me and tell me about it."

I sat for a time cross-legged on the floor by the invalid's bed answering her questions, and regretting all the while that the girl with all her brain and education could not have inherited the mother's once superb beauty. Melek sat by the window sewing. She wore no indoor veil, and seeing her for the first time with nothing to shade her face, I was more forcibly startled by the resemblance to someone I knew but whom I could not recall.

She did not join in our conversation. Only when I needed Turkish words and asked for them did she give

them to me. The contrast between the room and its occupants became obtrusive. The invalid wore an old jacket of heavy silk, lined with white fur, although the day was warm. Such jackets I had often seen in my childhood in luxurious harems. A white *kalemkeri*, edged with tiny silver spangles, was arranged on her head like a turban. It was easy to see that the woman clung pathetically to the remnants of her departing beauty; for the blackening under the eyes was carefully done, and the lips and nails were stained crimson. A little mirror lay on the floor close to her hand. The three pillows which supported her were richly embroidered, and her bed was made on a costly rug. The rest was poverty itself.

Even though I spoke but little Turkish, I could judge the mother to be of low origin. Undoubtedly she had been a slave, and had been bought by some rich man for her beauty. Until the system had broken down she had lived in opulence, and for the first five minutes she did nothing but complain and talk of her altered conditions. Then she wanted to know how the American women dressed, how much jewelry they had, and what arts they employed to keep their husbands in love with them. Her mind was not only uneducated, not only primitive, but rather coarse.

Whenever the mother's remarks were especially indelicate, the needle of the girl by the window moved more rapidly, and divining her suffering I was anxious to put an end to the mother's talk; but the invalid petulantly demanded that I should stay by her and amuse her. She enumerated all the dishes she would like to have to eat, but could not afford to buy. "And it is all Melek's fault. She isn't beautiful as I have been, I know, but she is young and strong, and learned, too. I am told that nowadays some men prize learning. Why can't she get a man, then? If she did I could be provided for handsomely."

The needle stitched faster, and the head with the rich chestnut hair bent a little lower over her work. Melek had not the looks of her mother, but when she came to her mother's age she would be a far more attractive woman.

Definitely I rose and told the mother, as best I could, that she must now rest, and that we would talk again some other time.

"No! no! you shan't go!" the invalid cried. "Melek won't make friends with the neighbours, so they don't come to see me. There are several here I should like to know, for I can hear them gossiping through the window; but Melek is stuck-up, and she herself is no good company. That is why she can't get a man. She isn't amusing, and she won't even put *surmé* under her eyes or carmine on her lips. No woman need be as plain as Allah made her—because Allah also made the apothecary, and women should patronize the people who supplement Allah on earth."

Carefully Melek folded her work, laid it aside, and went out of the room. While she was gone her mother continued bitterly complaining of the girl, who would rather work than try to get a man.

"Why should she be so cold? Tell her to get a man for my sake. Any woman can get a man while she is young. I want to be rich again. Why should she stitch instead of getting a man?"

Melek returned bearing a cheap tin tray covered with a small embroidered d'oyley, on which was a fine bowl filled with broth.

"Here, mother, it is time for your meal."

She sat by the invalid and daintily broke some dry bread into the broth. The beautiful ruin ate grossly, smacked her lips, and made comments on her daughter.

"It is easy for her to do a plain slave's work. Even in our rich days she hadn't the graces of a beautiful woman."

The girl accepted all the taunts with equanimity, indeed, as if she did not hear them—which enraged her mother, who cursed her.

Under her breath Melek told me in French to step to the window. I did as she asked, and picking up her work began to examine it. She was embroidering towels, and doing it uncommonly well. When her mother had finished the broth Melek came over and sat by me.

"Have you definitely given up your other work?"

"I had to, now that my mother no longer could leave her bed."

"Do you prefer this work?"

"Oh, no! It is rather uncertain, and it only occupies my fingers. The other took me out of doors, and was more interesting."

"Don't talk that language, Melek," the mother protested angrily. "I don't understand it, and I'm not amused. I'm bored. I'm always bored now that I have no more story-tellers to listen to—and you keep the neighbours out."

"Oh, please, Turkish comes so hard for me now. We'll talk my language a little, and then I'll talk yours again."

Melek rose and went to her mother. Very gently she said: "We must not be discourteous to our guest. She has not enough words in Turkish for all she wants to say."

"Teach her, you stupid donkey. If you can't get a man, you at least can teach her Turkish."

"Yes, but it will take time for her to learn. Suppose you go to sleep now. You are a little tired."

"Put me to sleep then," she commanded tyrannically.

The girl settled by the bed and gently rubbed the head of the invalid, singing to her softly in a sweet, melancholy voice. When the mother was sound asleep she quietly rejoined me at the window.

"I don't think I should have invited you here if I had known you understood so much Turkish," she said slowly. "By the way you pronounce it you must have spoken it well once."

I nodded. "You didn't invite me—I forced my way here. But won't you really teach me Turkish? My hours are so uncertain I cannot make positive dates; still, now that you are at home all the time, I can drop in whenever I have the opportunity."

Her face clouded, and involuntarily she glanced toward the invalid. "And yet I cannot leave her," she murmured to herself.

"I shall only have time for the lesson when I come," I went on, "because I am a very busy woman. Now let us talk about you. Why can't you go up to the American Y.W.C.A. in the evening to learn English and typewriting? Then you could get work among the Americans here that would pay well."

"I should like that, especially learning English. Some day I hope to leave here, to go to England and start life afresh. I like the English, they look so nice. But just at present I cannot leave my mother alone."

"Can't you get some one from the neighbourhood to sit with her?"

By the way she shook her head I realized that at all costs she meant to keep the type of women living around them out of the house. The shake of the head, the half-closed eyes, the tightening of the mouth brought vividly before me the other face she was always reminding me of, and in a flash I knew whose it was—that of a Turk occupying a high position in the Sultan's Government.

"You know it is very singular, but you remind me of Achmet Bey, whom——"

The girl's face went perfectly white. From the bed the invalid gave a shriek that made us both jump. Evidently she had wakened and heard the name. The room echoed with her cries and curses. They came from a once lovely mouth with an ease that was staggering. Epithet followed epithet. Some I understood, and some it was probably fortunate I didn't.

Melek's white face was expressionless. Her hands clasped together, she sat with an immobility that made her resemble a figure of grief on a tomb in a cemetery.

With volcanic rapidity the invalid's outburst continued, and I gathered that Achmet Bey had been her husband and was the girl's father, and that when the new system came and the Turks decided to put aside polygamy, she had been discarded like a cast-off garment.

"That is what he did," she cried, "me, whom he once had loved to madness." She described his passion in a primitive, animal way, and only the tightness of the girl's lips betrayed her inner suffering. She made no attempt to stop her mother. Probably she knew that it would be useless, or she may have feared that any effort of hers would only make it worse.

I followed the only course open to me. Rising to go, I bent over the invalid and stopped the flow of her invectives by telling her that Melek was going to teach me Turkish, and that when I came again I should bring her a plate of *tavuk-goyus*.

The prospect of this sweet changed the current of her thoughts. "Do! do!" She clapped her hands. "A big one, please, and some *malebi*, too."

On my way back to the hotel I mused over the odd chance that I should thus have run across these two. Achmet Bey was one of the officials in the Sultan's Government, whom we had seen several times to talk over Turkish affairs. He was most anxious to impress us, in order that we might write favourably about his country. That very afternoon we were to take tea at his house in Bostangikeuy, which I had been about to tell Melek when her mother's shriek had stopped me.

How very distasteful the situation had become, and yet how interesting—to go on the very same day from the home of the discarded wife, the discarded offspring, to that of the new family!

There was small resemblance between the two houses, when we arrived at Achmet Bey's. It was a large, opulent place, with an imposing garden. The new wife, whom we met for the first time, was an attractive, educated woman, a fit companion for a man of brains, though much younger than he. She spoke French fluently, and had all the suavity of the East.

We spoke of Turkey and of the Allies, of the past and of the future. The Sultan's minister was more than usually plausible. In his polished French he referred indignantly to the vilification to which Turkey had been subjected for so many years. "We have been calumniated as no race in the world ever has. We are tolerant to all the subject races who have lived under us. We have permitted them to have their languages, their schools, their churches. We have exempted them from military service. We let them put their hands on all the commerce of the country. What else can we do for them?"

To this my husband in his downright American way suggested: "Of course, you could stop massacring them."

"Ah! that is the basest slander of all," Achmet Bey cried. Leaning forward and boring through him with his beady black eyes, he went on: "There have been no Armenian massacres in Turkey! Sometimes the Armenians become the tools of outside nations and begin killing our peasants and burning their houses. We

cannot allow that, but we do not send soldiers and massacre them, we only permit the people to defend themselves—just as in America, when the negroes become obstreperous, your Government in Washington sends out agents to incite the populace to rise and suppress them. You don't call that massacre in America, why do you call it that here?"

I remembered, a few days before, listening to an American of the Near East Relief saying: "When the Kemalist Army moved out of Alexandropol it left behind twenty thousand orphans. And when the rains came down from the hills they washed out certain gullies. In them were the corpses of two thousand women and children, and among them only the body of one man."

There was no use arguing with Achmet Bey, however, but it was hard to look at his well-fed countenance and keep control of my tongue, even though I was his guest.

"We live according to our customs," he generalized unctuously. "Each country has its own."

"Yes, we have divorce, and you have polygamy," I agreed.

He became indignant again.

"Polygamy! We have polygamy no longer. How many Turks do you know who have more than one wife?"

"I have been told," I remarked casually, "that many Turks cruelly discarded their old wives and their children, and now live in monogamy with the favourite young wife. But I suppose that is one of the many calumnies."

"It is," he assented sadly.

At this point the educated young wife, in her melodious voice, took up the thread of the conversation.

"Perhaps in some instances it has happened when educated, refined men were saddled with women unworthy of them. In your country and in Europe those women would never have had the status of wives, would they? Those things belong to—er—a different side of a man's life."

"Still, according to your system they were legitimate wives. The children were recognized."

"But that system has gone. Those laws don't exist any more."

Perhaps she was right from her point of view. When a system goes quickly it leaves, as if on a battlefield, the victors and the vanquished. Our host and hostess were among those who had come out unscathed. Melek's mother was one of the maimed, and Melek herself, what was she? I could see her again sitting like the statue of grief over a grave, motionless, while her mother cursed.

I felt guilty, sitting here and drinking tea with these people, knowing what I did. The whole scene seemed to me indelicate. Fortunately for my peace of mind a diversion was caused by the entrance of a young man whom we had already met. In Achmet Bey's eyes was pride—a welcome in those of the young wife.

"This is my eldest son, Nourradine Bey."

Young Nourradine at once became the centre of the conversation. He was clever and very good company. He filled the room with the superabundance of his vitality and good looks. From him it was easy to reconstruct the youth of Melek's mother. In addition to her looks he had —well veneered, it is true—the same coarse nature as the woman who had given him birth. Soon he was to go on a mission to Russia. He spoke of it with a pride that his assumption of indifference thinly screened, and he was supremely confident that he would be successful in whatever he attempted.

It is no wonder that the topic of conversation changed in his presence, nor was it resumed before our departure.

The next time I saw Melek I said to her: "It seems to me only fair to tell you that we took tea with your father and his wife. Your brother was there, too. He is the image of your mother."

"Yes, he is like her in every way," she assented quietly. Then she added: "In justice to the man in whose house you have been, I must say that he also offered to take me, but I couldn't accept."

"Wouldn't that have been more beneficial for you—and for your mother?"

She remained silent a while, as if facing the whole problem anew. When she answered me her voice had the ring of one whose mind had travelled far away.

"Materially, it would have been better for *her*——"

Her forehead wrinkled in thought. She gazed out of

the window at the little tumbledown graveyard, at the few remaining scorched cypress trees. She gave me the impression of one who had the power to see deep, deep below the graves.

"Materially—for her——" she repeated. Her gaze came back to me resolutely: "Is there only one life in us, or two?"

"Two—the outer and the inner—and I understand, Melek. You need not explain. You did a wonderful and heroic thing. Being what you are you could not have done differently."

The wind brought to us the voice of the *muezzin* at prayer, calling to the faithful, reasserting that there was but one God and that Mohammed was his prophet. The invalid prayed audibly, asking Allah to give her back some riches. Melek's lips did not even move, yet I felt that she, too, was praying. After the *muezzin's* voice was heard no more, I asked:

"You do believe in God, Melek, and in the efficacy of prayer, don't you?"

"Oh! yes, I do," she replied quietly. "I always pray."

Something moved me to ask:

"What do you pray for, Melek?"

Tensely she answered, indicating the invalid with her head:

"That she may never find out how much I loathe her."

What are Conservative Principles?

By Constance Campbell
(A Young Conservative)

A YEAR ago I thought myself able to answer this question; now I am quite at sea, and should be grateful to anyone who can enlighten me as to the real views held by Conservative leaders.

At the last election, during the Labour Party's period of office, and far back in the days of the Coalition, hardly a speech was made by Conservative M.P. or candidate, in which it was not insisted (a) that high taxation injures trade; (b) that injury to trade causes unemployment. Now, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer (who must be presumed to hold at least temporary Conservative principles, since he is included in a Conservative Cabinet) believes that high taxation injures trade and, therefore, increases unemployment, should not his first, his urgent duty, be to reduce the latter by reducing the former? Yet he is capable of saying complacently that it may be "necessary" to increase taxation next year! If he does not believe in a vital connection between the two, if he thinks taxation at nearly war-level is only a mild evil, which present conditions render expedient, what are the arguments which have converted him and his colleagues? On what principle are they acting? Is it better to have perfect "social services," high taxation, and much unemployment, or imperfect social services, low taxation, and little unemployment?

There is a definite cleavage of thought here into two schools. The first aims at a condition of things in which the wage-earner shall be freed from all anxiety anent ill-health, unemployment, the maintenance of his family after his death, etc., by the interposition of the State—i.e. other sections of the community—which necessarily implies high taxation. The second holds that, if the country were not prevented by high taxation from regaining its prosperity, the wage-earner could and should make his own provision against emergencies. There is no reason,

given steady employment, why he should not undertake what is considered a primary duty in the business and professional classes—namely, insurance against early death for the benefit of his family.

In parenthesis it may be noted that even in these bad times very large sums are paid into the trades unions, of which a considerable proportion is used for political purposes. This proportion obviously represents a surplus possessed by the wage-earner when his daily needs have been provided for, and while such a surplus exists it is rather hard that the rest of the nation should be called on to provide a subsidy.

A pamphlet has recently been issued by Conservative headquarters entitled "The Conservative Past and the Conservative Future: A Reply to Viscount Rothermere." The gist of it seems to be that if Lord Rothermere dislikes the present Government he would dislike a Socialist Government even more. No doubt that is true, but it is not a very satisfactory defence. The essence of the Socialist doctrine is the assertion of the right of the State to appropriate the property of the individual. It may be said that all taxation involves such appropriation, but a clear distinction exists between taxes levied on all for the benefit of all, and those that are levied on a part for the benefit of another part. The latter is definitely Socialistic in tendency. It is a favourite argument of defenders of the Pensions Bill that, if it had not been introduced by the Conservatives, a similar scheme, but worse, because *entirely* non-contributory, would have been passed by some future Socialist Government. What is this but an admission that the policy of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet and that which might be expected from the Socialists if they were in power does not differ in principle, but only in degree? It becomes a most anxious and urgent question for our leaders to decide what proportion of the taxpayers' income may permissibly be diverted to objects of which the taxpayers' benefit forms no part.

[*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*—ED.]

The Gorge

By Llewelyn T. Rheol

As usual they scattered—these bearded Pathans and Peshawuris—they shuffled into the doorways and stalls which lined the alley that was part of the city of Peshawur, and they stood there huddled together, out of the way of the flying hoofs of the galloping Arab entire, and the curses of Abdul Rahman, its rider, only dimly reached their ears.

After horse and rider had passed, the doorways vomited forth their human obstruction, which, with many head-shakes and guttural ejaculations, went its ways about its divers businesses, and some of it went its ways remembering things it would fain forget. All of it registered the fact that it had just seen Abdul Rahman come into the city.

A stranger would say: "But there are many of that name in Peshawur!" And if the stranger were persistent, perhaps one Peshawuri more daring—or, perhaps, more foolish—than the rest, would say:

"Brother, there is only one Abdul Rahman who hath behind him murders and raids, and five years of service in the Risala, and the drums of the Risala sounding the Gan, which ended, with ignominy, his service; therefore, brother, go thy ways, but do not let them lead thee near the ways of Abdul Rahman."

. . . . .

It was not the cloud of dust, nor the shouts outside, that flustered Ali Akbar in the establishment of Dhadaboi; it was the certain knowledge that his tormentor had come again—that knowledge the source of which he himself could not fathom. But always he was flustered when it came to him that his tormentor—Abdul Rahman—Abdul Rahman, the dare-devil, the boaster, the feared—was in the city.

Sometimes in the afternoons he would wake bathed in perspiration, and his child-wife would try and soothe

him, but the torment was still there until the tormentor had gone. And at other times he would quietly steal away and gaze towards the hills and wonder whether, one day, one of those rocks which jutted out so dangerously, would put an end to his fear of his enemy.

But later, since he had taken to him his child-wife, he had wondered whether one of those same rocks would not put an end to his enemy. And one day he had limped his way to the nullah outside the city—the nullah which Abdul Rahman crossed in entering and leaving the city—and vaguely wondered whether, some day, the nullah would not widen and swallow Abdul Rahman and his fiery Arab.

Somehow the visit to the nullah had comforted him, and although his limp was more pronounced during his return journey, he had not minded, even when thinking of the cruel kick that had lamed him for life—that terrible kick delivered by Abdul Rahman, who always wore the heavy boots he had become accustomed to as a sowar of the King Emperor's.

But to-day, the vague comfort from the nullah disappeared, and he was again flustered—a pitiable object with hopeless cowardice depicted in every feature of his greening face—a handsome face ordinarily, a typical Pathan face with much of the wildness quietened down, so that sometimes it looked statuesque; a face that even the mem-sahibs glanced at twice when they passed him on the road—but then they might only be looking at his peculiar gait!

A guttural curse steadied him, and he went out; no need to ask whose was the voice that uttered that curse. Others in the room scuttled here and there, none caring to show his discomfort—and fear—and made way for the newcomer. They gave him greetings tinged with uneasiness; they did not yet know his mood, but all felt the power of the man. His magnificent build went for little, perhaps, in a place where one of meagre frame was the exception; his light colour might have attracted them, and his wonderfully perfect beard—but most of all it was his eyes, those large, piercing orbs of grey, which looked so out of place in the head even of one so lightly

coloured as he. Those eyes attracted and repelled, but the former was the more powerful element, so men and women looked at his eyes, and wondered whether out of them would gleam a smile—or a fiery dart of wrath. If those eyes smiled, one saw the face illumined, and a flash of teeth so white that it startled one. Then, it was a face that could not be resisted, there seemed in it the peace and repose of eternity which drew one on and on.

But those who knew the smile, would sometime see the eyes blood-shot with venom and cruelty, would see the face so hideously distorted with rage that they would cry out and run, but they would not run far before the hand of Abdul Rahman would descend on them, and then—some were not seen about much after that, like Ali Akbar they hid themselves, and others—were never seen.

Again, there were some—those who would fain forget things—who had seen the smile and the flash of wrath almost simultaneously; had seen, during frontier raids, the smile bent over the face of a sahib, and a moment afterwards had seen the look of fierce wrath—more, had seen a look of wrathful disappointment because a life had gone out before the tortures were complete. At the time those scenes had been in keeping with events, but later had come terror, such horrible terror when they thought their own might be the life to survive or not to survive the tortures. So they kept out of his way, and if, by chance, they encountered him, they pleased him in every detail, and then went on their ways with a choked murmur of a blessing.

. . . . . .

The drink was called, and who should serve but Ali Akbar? Drawn, he knew not why, nor how, drawn impotently to serve his tormentor; he took the drinking cup and, hands shaking, filled it to the brim with fiery arak. Gone were his thoughts of the rocks, gone his gleam of comfort from the nullah. Everything had gone but the need to serve his tormentor. He placed the vessel on the floor near to the hand of its owner, and scrambled clumsily for the pice which were thrown in payment. Why did they roll so? One here, one there—Ah! Before he had got to the third he was lying on his

back, and everyone in the room was laughing at his efforts to rise.

The loudest laugh of all was that of Abdul Rahman; his was the clear, ringing laugh, which in a merrier cause would have been so infectious—the others laughed because he laughed, because they knew it was best to laugh loudly if he did so.

The pice collected, Ali Akbar limped to the doorway to stand, hopelessly, awaiting his enemy's next call. Unconsciously he viewed his enemy's horse, saw its magnificent points, and before many moments had passed he was talking to it and judging it with the eyes and mind of a horse-lover; ere long one could see that here was a human so perfectly attuned to the horse-mind that the world would be unsuccessfully searched for a horse that would not become his willing slave. He was conscious now of his appraisement of the horse, and confidently he approached it and fondled its muzzle and ears.

A shout took him in to serve again. This time he had to balance the drinking-vessel whilst his tormentor drank from it, and, as before, the pice were thrown here, there, and everywhere.

Hurriedly and painfully getting on his feet he saw in the doorway his child-wife, but before he could banish her the voice of Abdul Rahman demanded her entrance. Timidly she shuffled to the centre of the room, and listened bewilderingly to the comments of Abdul Rahman. He was smiling at her now, but slowly, gradually, the smile gave place to something terrifying in its inquisitiveness. Like the dart of a snake his hand shot out—and the veil was pulled away from her face. She screamed, and flew to her husband, but the look on his face, a look of concentrated hopeless loathing—it gave her courage, nay, it gave her something more than courage, it gave her knowledge—knowledge. Ah! Khuda! Here was the reason for her husband's terrifying dreams, here. Ah! Yes, perhaps here was the cause of his lameness, here, this man who had smiled at her, this man who had laid bare her features, this man who had—why, no man but her husband had ever seen her face.

Now she faced him, and the laugh died on his lips. He had never seen a woman angry with him before, and

now he was facing an angry girl—an angry child, but beyond her anger he could sense something more, something which made even him uneasy.

Her words tumbled out of her mouth so quickly that none understood her—except, perhaps, Abdul Rahman, for something like a sigh of relief escaped him as her husband gently led the trembling child away.

Those in the room were uneasy, they admitted that Abdul Rahman had gone too far. Cruelty to women they ignored, its practice was inherent in them; rape they laughed at—when it was not their own who were raped, but this thing he had done, this tearing away of that which covered the face of a woman—Ah! it was going too far, it was knocking at the belief of their earliest years, it was——

But Abdul Rahman was tired of the silence, so he was boasting; they knew most of his boasts—promises of impossible achievements, but they liked to hear him talk of them, because they all led to the one point—lustful cruelty. To-day he was boasting something else, so they listened attentively.

"So," he concluded, "this day, although a week ago that horse had never been mounted, I will ride him over the nullah—I will make him jump it."

The words carried conviction, and those in the room almost gasped. The nullah, they knew, at its narrowest was a tremendous leap for a trained horse; to make an untrained pony perform it needed surely an abundance of daring, for if it failed—ugh! they shuddered; from rock to rock horse and man would bound, till they would fall in mangled heaps into the water so far, far down below.

They gazed sheepishly out of the door, each afraid that he would be challenged to accompany the dare-devil, and there just outside they could see Ali Akbar taking leave of his wife. They had heard, these children, this husband and wife had heard the boast, and into the boy's eyes had flashed a look of hope—into the girl's, could one see behind the refastened veil, had gradually come a determination, a unique steadfastness of purpose, a look of knowledge.

Another drink was called, and now, Ali Akbar had

to kneel on the ground so that his back might be the table on which rested the drinking-vessel of Abdul Rahman.

He had warmed to his subject had Abdul Rahman; had they ever before heard of a man so daring as he? No! there was none in the whole city of Peshawur who would dare put a trained horse to that leap, and surely none who would dream of setting a true-blood, untrained Arab; but, tch! horses, women, men, and, oh! everything did as Abdul Rahman commanded. They could ride out with him and see him do it if they liked!

The invitation was more acceptable than the drink, and one by one they staggered out, and the last to leave was Abdul Rahman. Soon everyone in the city knew of the proposed attempt, and many glanced at the horse and rider who scattered the idlers on their way to the gorge.

. . . . .

Amongst those who trailed behind limped Ali Akbar, and at the corner of the road leading out of the city he saw his wife—unveiled.

"Thy veil?" he queried.

"It does not matter," she answered; "this night I will get it back. There is no need for thee to hurry, my man, for thou wilt never see thy enemy cross the nullah."

With that she was gone, and evading the crowd, Ali Akbar made his way to the Dak-bungalow, where he painfully climbed to the cook-house roof, and from there he could see across the strip of desert that divided the city from the nullah.

. . . . .

The pony was going well, galloping collectedly, and Abdul Rahman, conscious of many eyes on his back, sat very upright in the saddle. Another few lengths and he would make the Arab increase its speed; another few lengths, faster still, then he would collect it, hold it for the leap, faster, faster, how the hoofs seemed not to touch the ground! Faster, Khuda! he must collect the horse; he pulled on the rein, only a dozen lengths before the leap—he pulled harder—faster went the pony—he tugged, and the man's face was between the horse's ears, he pulled, then eased, then pulled, and pulled—Khuda! Allah! Allah! The horse had bolted.

The scream of the pony as it struck the first rock was simultaneous with the man's last cry of horror, for, as they fell crashing into the gorge, he could see the eyes of an angry girl—an angry child.

The crowd went home, many hearing again the scream of the pony as it struck the rock, many with looks of awe in their faces—and many with something akin to relief in their bearing. They were all agreed that the nullah was too big a leap for a pony ridden even by Abdul Rahman.

Towards the gorge Ali Akbar went, drawn by some irresistible force, and painfully and laboriously he scrambled down it, from rock to rock. He did not know why he wanted to look at the ghastly scene, perhaps it was to make sure that his enemy was dead.

Down there all was gloom, but when his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he stopped, and stood stock-still—so still, scarcely daring to draw breath, and watched—watched his child-wife cutting away, with a chunk of sharp rock, a piece of black silk from the bridle of the dead pony—a piece of silk which had been tightly bound round the pony's eyes, completely blinding it.

She sensed his presence, and glanced up with a smile at him.

"I have come to fetch my veil, thou seest, my man," she said.

Milk and Health

By a London Physician

"Clean milk is a vital problem touching humanity in every phase of its social fabric."—M. J. ROSENAU.*

MILK has been regarded as an emblem of purity, and the ideal of Biblical days was "a land flowing with milk and honey." Among a pastoral people living close to Nature, milk may be all that fancy has painted it, but under conditions of modern life it is often produced and generally used under artificial conditions. Its supply, indeed, both in this country and America may well be described as the most pressing health problem of the hour. It is impossible to pick up a newspaper without finding some reference to the subject, and its supreme importance is evidenced by the fact that the Medical Sociology Section of the British Medical Association, at its Annual Meeting last July, devoted most of its time to the question of the Milk Supply.

There are three main reasons why milk is more closely associated with Health than any other article of diet.

They are: (1) Milk is an essential article of diet for children and a very important portion of the dietary of adults; (2) Milk is the most difficult article of diet to obtain and handle in a satisfactory way. It requires scrupulous care from pasture to pail, and from pail to palate; (3) Milk is the only important nitrogenous food which is generally consumed raw. It owes its importance as an article of food to the fact that it contains in a readily digestible form, not only the familiar protein, fats and carbohydrates of the older chemists, but an abundance of those remarkable substances which, in the last decade, have entirely altered the whole scientific outlook on food problems generally. The name of these substances "as originally spelt, was intended to mean that they belong to a definite chemical class of substances called 'amines'—i.e. substances closely related to ammonia—and that they are vital to existence. The former claim was due to exuberance, the latter is undoubted. To mark the fact that they no longer belong to any known chemical class they have been shorn of the 'e' and have become vitamins. . . . That there are such substances no researcher of any calibre who has worked on

* "The Milk Question," by M. J. Rosenau.

animal nutrition can doubt. Their results are so magical, when given to animals suffering from their lack, that one could be forgiven for thinking that the elixir of life had been discovered. One drop of an extract forced down the throat of an animal moribund because vitamins were lacking in the diet will result in a marvellous cure—the animal becoming in twenty-four hours as lively as a cricket."*

"Three vitamins have been clearly distinguished, and there appear to be others. For simplicity the vitamins are called A, B, and C. If any one of the three is absent from the food, death is the result. One vitamin cannot be substituted for another in the same way as one carbohydrate can be replaced by another, or one fat by another. Oatmeal can be used instead of rice, olive oil instead of lard, and in the case of proteins, cheese can replace meat, but each vitamin must be placed in a class by itself and must be considered individually. . . .

"The comparative vitamin value of the various foods can only be ascertained by means of feeding experiments on animals, or in the case of human beings by practical experience. The expression 'vegetable salts' is often wrongly used, and really refers to vitamins and not to salts. From the chemical point of view salts are all of the same character, whether they are vegetable salts or mineral salts. Vitamins are not mineral salts because they are destroyed by processes which leave the mineral salts unharmed. Vitamins are not vegetable salts because the concentrated preparations of the vitamins, which have been prepared, do not possess any of the characters of a true vegetable salt. The vitamins and the salts are generally present in the same part of the animal or plant, and may be removed together as in the milling of grain, hence the confusion."†

Very few foodstuffs contain all the vitamins, but milk is one of them. To give a simple illustration of its food value we may point out that as ordinarily served a tumblerful is approximately equal to: (a) Two large eggs; (b) a large helping of lean meat; (c) five tablespoonfuls of cooked cereals; (d) two large slices of bread. But milk is richer in vitamins than any of the other

* "Food and the Family," by Professor Mottram, 1925.
† "Food and Health," by Professor and Mrs. Plimmer, March, 1925.

articles. Unfortunately, it has vices as well as virtues, and the opacity of milk covers a multitude of sins. Almost all the fresh milk found on the market is more or less dirty. Most of the dirt is actual cowdung, but a great deal comes from dust, the hands of the milker and from the pails. Dirt is the chief source of bacteria in milk, and it is these bacteria which favour decomposition and hasten souring. The extent of this pollution may be stated in popular language by pointing out that it has been estimated that Chicago receives 25 tons of dirt in its city milk supply every year.*

The dangers of impure milk lack dramatic interest. Thousands of babies are killed by bad milk every day in England, and no one hears anything about it. If one baby was scalded to death by boiling milk, the newspapers would have striking headlines, but when they are slowly poisoned by microbes shrouded in its white "purity" no one hears a word about it. Clear water furnishes little nourishment for germs, but milk is rich soil for their growth. If water were to be drawn from the body of an animal standing in a stable, by the hands of workmen of questionable cleanliness, and then stored and transported over long distances, often in not over-clean and imperfectly closed cans, and finally left at the doors at an uncertain hour of the day, few would care to drink it, because its pollution and staleness would be obvious. Yet this is exactly what happens with our milk supply!

The problem of overcoming these defects is obviously a many-sided one, and concerns not only the health officer and the dairyman, but the economist, the sociologist, the legislator, and the administrator.

The innocent-looking and life-giving fluid stands at the Bar of Science convicted of conveying the following long list of diseases: Tuberculosis, Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Malta Fever, and Infantile Diarrhœa.

Of these, only tuberculosis and Malta fever originate in the milk, the remaining five are spread from man to man by its agency. The milkman (as demonstrated in the recent outbreak at Streatham) and not the milk is to blame.

Tuberculosis stands at the head of the killing diseases,

* "The Milk Question," by M. J. Rosenau.

and is the most widespread of all infections. Thirty per cent. of all deaths between the ages of 15 and 60 are due to tuberculosis, and post-mortem examinations have shown that nearly every one is infected at some time or other during his or her lifetime. There are two types of the Tubercle Bacillus—the human and the bovine. The difference between the effects of the two bacilli on man are that the human variety attacks the lungs and causes phthisis, whereas the bovine type tends to get localized in the glands, or to attack the intestine or the coverings of the brain. Milk contains tubercle bacilli in a surprisingly large number of instances. American investigators have found it present in eight per cent. of samples, whilst workers in this country have shown it present in over nine per cent. of the milk supply of most large towns.

Rosenau ascribes five to seven per cent. of all human tuberculosis to infection with the bovine bacillus, and Dr. Stanley Griffith, of Cambridge, says: "The absorption of a small number of bacilli from the alimentary tract may lead to serious and fatal disease in susceptible children."

The Typhoid bacillus grows well in milk, which may appear quite fresh and sweet and yet contain myriads of disease microbes. The milk may be infected at the dairy, in the milk shop, or in the home. Typhoid fever is an insidious disease, and the subject does not usually take to his bed till the end of the first week. During this first week the disease is communicable, and the dairy worker, milk shop assistant, or cook, may infect the milk. Within the past few weeks a London epidemic has been traced to what are known as "carriers," i.e. persons who have had typhoid, and long after they have recovered from the disease continue to discharge typhoid bacilli in their fæces and urine. A "carrier" may enjoy robust health, and the only way to guard against this danger is to debar all persons who have had typhoid or similar fevers from employment in any work or industry which involves handling food-stuffs.

Scarlet fever is sometimes so mild that it escapes recognition, and it is these "missed cases" occurring in the case of persons handling milk which have caused large numbers of epidemics of this disease.

The difficulty is to know how to set about measures of reform. The first and foremost of these—the need for

education on the subject—has inspired the writer to prepare this paper.

Rosenau says: "*education is one of the principal spokes in the wheel of the milk wagon.*"* The production of clean and wholesome milk is largely a question of cost and education. The public must learn to appreciate first of all the paramount importance of milk as a food, and, secondly, the fact that clean and pure milk cannot be procured cheaply, and they must be willing to pay a reasonable price for it.

The investigations made by the Research Institute in Dairying, University College, Reading, have shown that the main cause of uncleanliness of milk is contamination on the farm; the harm that is done there cannot be undone by subsequent cooling or other manipulation.†

The average consumer of milk is almost as careless with regard to the storage of milk in the household as the producer is sometimes criminally negligent in its collection and distribution.

Dr. Janet Lane Claypon has rendered a great service to the householder by proving that milk does not materially suffer by heating. Boiled milk is not inferior to raw milk as regards its digestibility and keeping qualities, and is just as nutritious.

This brings us to the question of pasteurization as a means of making milk safe. Speaking at the British Medical Meeting last July, to which we have referred, Dr. Eric Pritchard said: "Milk is such a valuable food, both for infants and children and for the community as a whole, not only from the point of view of the nutritive qualities of its energy-containing elements, especially the fats and proteins, but also in respect to its mineral, extractive and vitamin content, that any attempt by legislative or other means to attain Utopian ideals of cleanliness, irrespective of cost, would be little less than a national calamity . . . we know from experience that the moment the child passes from the milk age to solid food age it is starved of a number of accessory elements essential for nutrition. The drinking of milk is indeed a most reliable guarantee against a number of pathological conditions. . . Ragnar Berg constantly refers to the

* "The Milk Question," by M. J. Rosenau.
† "British Medical Journal," June 26, 1920.

prevalence among children and adults of minor degrees of ill-health, due to deprivation of the very elements, mineral and organic, which are so richly represented in milk. . . .

"The experimental feeding of school children on additional rations of milk has been conclusively proved by W. M. Frazer and others to be immediately followed by a marked improvement, not only in their general physical condition, but also in the degree of their mental alertness. In view of these indisputable facts, I submit that we should be careful not to impose conditions on the milk industry which, with the object of securing high standards of bacterial purity, may at the same time raise the cost of production to the prejudice of its more extended consumption.

"Although milk is undoubtedly the most valuable of all food commodities, it is at the same time without question the most dangerous vehicle for the conveyance of infectious disease, and the whole history of the clean milk movement, both in this country and in the United States of America, is to prove that the commercial production of a raw milk, which is safe from this point of view, is an impracticable proposition. In order that milk may be made safe for human consumption it must be treated in some way which renders it free from pathogenic organisms, and so far no means other than exposure to degrees of heat sufficient to kill such disease-provoking agents has been devised by the wit of man." *

Heat, therefore—in the form of pasteurization—has been put forward as a solution of the milk problem, but at the National Milk Conference at the Guildhall, Professor J. M. Beattie (of Liverpool) said: "Conn and Hamiel admit that B. tuberculosis may remain alive even in carefully pasteurized milk. . . Consequently, pasteurized milk, as commercially produced in this country, is . . . often an infective milk."

At the same meeting, Captain S. R. Douglas said: "The pasteurization of milk as carried out by the trade in this country is, from the consumer's point of view, absolutely useless. As regards the middleman and milk distributor, it may serve one useful purpose, and that is to enable him to deliver to the consumer a quantity of

* "British Medical Journal," August 8, 1925.

milk which would otherwise be sour before it could be distributed." * "The Lancet" stigmatizes the process as "a trade practice to enable initially dirty milk to survive as a commercial product." †

Having thus shown that commercial pasteurization cannot be relied on, it is necessary to consider if there is any other method of dealing with the problem, but before doing so we must point out that the Final Report of the Committee on the Production and Distribution of Milk indicates that, apart altogether from the question of *quality*, our supply consists of less than half the *quantity* necessary to supply the fundamental and irreplaceable ingredients which milk, and milk alone, can provide in the dietetics of development. To quote from the Report: "The consumption of milk per head per day in Great Britain varied in January, 1918, from one-tenth of a pint in Inverness to one-third of a pint in London; the average for the entire country was a quarter-pint per head per day. This is less than half the normal average consumption in the City of New York . . . it is clear that the average daily consumption of milk throughout Great Britain is much lower than is desirable."

It is demonstrated by the carefully compiled tables published by the Committee that the supply of milk available is so utterly inadequate that it is insufficient to supply even the needs of the nation's children without supplying any at all for youths and adults. If children up to six years of age had the amount of milk which according to modern physiology is desirable for them, children from six to fourteen would have to go short, and no milk whatever would be available for any older persons.

In practice there is no shadow of doubt that the children and youth of the vast bulk of the population go lamentably short of their proper allowance of milk. The result of this deficiency of milk in our national dietary is reflected in the physique of the nation.

Developmental malnutrition must be the main cause of the scanty inches of the town-bred Englishman, and those best qualified to judge contend that the superior national physique of American youths is due to the comparative abundance of milk, and the liberality of its use in the United States.

* "Proceedings of National Milk Conference," 1923.

† "The Lancet," June 27, 1925.

In view of this actual shortage of milk in a great country like England, it is little wonder that merchants in countries more favourably situated, early turned their attention to supplying this need. Holland, Denmark, Norway, Switzerland, America, and New Zealand had more milk than they required, and if it could only be placed on the English market the fortunate dairyman would reap a golden harvest. It was, however, obviously impossible to transport or distribute a fluid of which 87 per cent. was water, so the industrial chemist was called in to devise some means of economizing bulk and transport. Condensed milk was the first result of their labours to produce a less bulky product with better keeping properties, and its success led to still further efforts to get rid of fluid, with the result that within the last decade or so, commercial firms have placed on the market, on a large scale, substances consisting only of milk solids, and capable of being reconstituted by water alone into a fluid more or less identical with fresh, or rather heated, milk.

At the National Conference on Infant Mortality, held in London, two eminent medical men strongly advocated the use of this product, and the present chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, Sir George Newman, who was then medical officer of health of a London borough, commenced using it at once. His experiences were so favourable that ever since dried milk has steadily increased in popularity as a food for infants, and has won the warm approval of many eminent British and continental authorities.

Parallel with the development of the employment of dried milk in infant feeding, there has been a remarkable decrease of infantile mortality in Great Britain.

This was called attention to by medical speakers at the National Milk Conference in 1922. Dr. Robert Hutchison, the eminent authority on food and dietetics, said: "I am of the opinion that no inconsiderable part of the decline in deaths from infantile diarrhœa which has happily taken place in recent years is due to the ever-increasing use of dried milk for infant feeding, especially among the working classes." * It has been estimated that since its introduction on a commercial

* "Proceedings of National Milk Conference," 1922.

scale some fifteen years ago, the use of dried milk in welfare centres and in various institutions has increased more than 150 per cent., and during the same period the rate of infantile mortality for England and Wales has fallen 43 per cent.; i.e. from 130 per 1,000 in 1908 to 75 per 1,000 in 1924.

Of course, many other factors have been at work in reducing infant mortality, but the association between the development in the use of dried milk and the marked saving of infant life is striking.

Professor Leonard Hill has actually suggested that it may be cheaper to dry all milk and distribute it in powder than to attempt to continue our present methods of distribution, and Professor George Dreyer, of Oxford University, has supported this view, saying: "Dirty milk is an evil, but no milk is a worse one. Nevertheless, we have not to choose between these two evils, for it is not necessary to put up with either. For myself, I feel sure that the drying of milk provides us for the present with a reasonable solution of our difficulties.

"I see no serious obstacle to the efficient distribution to large industrial centres of a clean dried product which will provide a good substitute for fresh milk."*

This suggestion may seem Utopian, but there are many enthusiasts who claim that the future generation will buy its milk in powder from the grocer instead of in can or bottle from the dairyman.

Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that if the public insist, the milkman *can* supply a much cleaner milk—and more of it—than he is doing at present, and its more abundant use would improve the physique of the nation.

Even as things are, milk can be rendered comparatively safe by boiling, and in waterless milk we possess a substitute for fresh milk which deserves a most extended trial.

The finest race of men we know are the Sikhs, and the Sikh nation lives largely on milk, but no Sikh ever drinks milk raw.

It is in *raw* milk that danger lurks.

* "Proceedings of National Milk Conference," 1922.

Solitude

By Rex Ray

Grant me some nook where I may dream,
Some dainty wood or purling stream;
Where I may pass the dreary hours away
In solitude;
Some sweet secluded spot, near which I may
In silence brood.

Take from me thoughts of loss or gain,
Lest those of joy be mixed with pain,
And let no soul come near me to disturb
My solitude.
For I would be alone, mid moss and herb,
Where none intrude.

Then will I listen to the leaves,
And learn what all the feathered thieves
Can find to do with so much stolen time
In solitude.
I'll hark them tell each one his noisy rhyme,
With song imbued.

So would I wish to spend my life,
Away from all that leads to strife,
Jealous alone lest aught, by chance, draw nigh
My solitude.
So would I wish, alone, unseen, to die
Mid Nature rude.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

Waterloo Bridge

By A. P. Garland

"How's Waterloo Bridge getting on, Sar'n't?" asked Heddle. "When is it going to be fixed up?"

"We haven't yet made up our minds," replied Sergeant Murphy. "We've taken the bridge's temperachoor, we've sounded his heart, we've X-rayed his limbs, and analysed his gullet, and the divil a thing is there wrong with him that we don't know. Now we're after the right cure."

"Not much difficulty curing a bridge once you know what's wrong," said Heddle.

"Sure everybody knows what's wrong," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Here it is. Some of the butthresses have collapsed through bein' jerry-built. The swirl of the tide has carried off the sub-sthructure of cemint, though all the butthresses have stood firm. The bridge was never intinded to stand the weight of cab-loads of golfers with their clubs comin' from Watherloo Station. Anyhow it's in splints for the time bein' and an assistant bridge has been engaged to lind a hand.

"In the meantime we've been callin' on the experts to obtain a unanimous opinion as to what's to be done.

"The British Architects' Approved Society, after bein' locked up for eighteen hours on bread and wather, decided that the wan way to save Rennie's mastherpiece was to desthroy it altogether or else to build another bridge to hold it up. 'And, between ourselves,' says the Chairman, 'I could build as fine a bridge meself with wan hand tied behind me back.'

"The British Civil Ingineers supported this view intirely, sayin' that the patient had merely suffered a few contusions which could easily be remedied be massage. 'If,' says they, 'you were to pour a little liquid cemint into the cracks and joint a baulk of timber or two to the piles, Watherloo Bridge 'ud outlive the Pyramids or Swan and Snelgrove's skyscraper in Regent Sthreet.'

"'Grout it,' says Dean Ink, pausin' in the midst of another terrible indictmint of somebody in the Daily Gossip. 'Rows of unimployed blowin' sand into it through tin whistles for a few weeks at a sthretch, and that bridge would stand half a fut higher and look the Savoy fearlessly in the face.'

"The Universal Board of Rechabites have passed a resolution repudiatin' the assertion that the bridge has suffered damage through wather gnawin' away its vitals and demandin' an apology for this gross libel on their favourite dhrink. 'If,' they assert, 'the bridge has suffered anny damage it must have occurred through roystherers from the Sthrand bargin' into the parapets on their torchuous way home.'

"The Aberdeen City Council after a brief meetin' have declared that another bridge about twice the size of the present one had better be built and that the stone be Aberdeen granite, specially selected, at the same time suggestin' that local granite works should get into communication with the Bridge authorities and submit samples.

"A well-to-do spiritualist, with his own private meejim, has offered to get into touch with Rennie's ghost in order to find out if the fellah had anny scientific knowledge at all or else if he built the bridge on a ninety-nine years' lease.

"Misther Baldwin is itchin' to be asked to handle the problim, as it's just the sort of thing that would give a Royal Commission a chance to settle down for a few years and keep thim out of mischief. I'm told he's ear-marked Misther McQuisten for Permanent Chairman.

"And that's how the thing stands at present."

"But you don't mean to say they're going to leave the thing as it is," said Heddle.

"They might," replied the Sergeant, "if it wasn't for the Roads and Pavin' Committee. If a great big bridge replaced the present wan, it would become a great arthery of thrade, and divil a finer spot could you find for takin' up and repavin' four or five times a year. I'm backin' the Pavin' Committee."

Upon Charm and Tchechov

By Horace Shipp

Lionel and Clarissa. (Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith.)
The Seagull, by Anton Tchechov. (Little Theatre.)

I BELIEVE it was *Punch* which depicted that irate bank-holiday reveller shaking his weeping and dejected offspring and informing him furiously, "I've brought yer out to enjoy yerself, and yer've darned-well got to." The story comes to my mind because of my reactions to what one might call the joy-stuff of the theatre. I do not mean the utterly inane which annoys me to a point almost of exaltation when I chance to see it, but the really charming, delightful, pleasing productions which draw the town by their genuine appeal to the majority of my fellows. One thinks, for example, of the eighteenth-century note which Mr. Nigel Playfair strikes so regularly and so charmingly at the Lyric at Hammersmith. It has so many of the qualities one advocates in the theatre—loveliness, artistry, good decoration, a capable cast of players and singers, fine production; it has a neatness of libretto and a tunefulness; it has, indeed, everything which makes it irresistible. Yet I can resist; and as I watch it I can almost feel Mr. Playfair's hand on my shoulder and hear his slightly falsetto voice assuring me that he has brought me out to enjoy myself. My neighbours are so obviously enjoying themselves tremendously. They are capable of murmuring a long-drawn "A-a-ah" when Lionel's virtuous lips osculate with those of the alluring Clarissa; and I confess that I have it in my heart to envy this enthusiasm.

It is obviously my own fault that I can remain unpurged of melancholy by "the mixture as before," as distilled and prepared by Mr. Playfair. Nor, in truth, is it possible with the worst intentions in the world to remain thus impervious all the evening to the infectious gaiety and high spirits of the show. It is certainly quite impossible to remain thus detached during any moment when Miss Nadine March is on the stage, and the triumph

of this clever actress in a comparatively small part is an eloquent tribute alike to her versatility, and to Mr. Playfair's genius for finding the right people. In this respect the production is beyond reproach. People in this type of ballad-opera cannot shelter entirely inadequate acting and other defects behind the possession of a voice which climbs half a note higher than that of anyone else, and Nigel Playfair always gets his acting standard high (for opera), and seems equally successful in causing his players to remain articulate when they are singing. So we remember the performance of Miss Lottie Venne as Lady Mary Oldboy, or that of Hayden Coffin as Jenkins, and the action flows neatly, if not naturally, in and out of music. It is, indeed, with its tunefulness and high spirits and the charm of the settings and the costumes, and the prettiness of the girls, and the romance of the men, an hypnotic entertainment. What imp of mischief is it in me which is asking whether it *matters* in the least?

Then there is the other side of the shield. I left the Little Theatre after watching *The Seagull*, feeling that I wanted to proclaim to the first persons I met that they were missing a masterpiece. If at Hammersmith I had covertly censured an audience for becoming ecstatic when they should have been pleased, here I wanted to shout at them because they were being pleased when they should have been ecstatic. Here was no running away from life, no hypnotism of the senses and the intelligence, no pretty artifice which would wither and fall the moment the doors of the theatre were opened and the outer air allowed to touch its frailty. On the contrary, here was life itself made significant, made intense as a work of great art. One realized that if one could, through the imagination, face the tragi-comedy which Tchechov had presented in the play, then the wider tragi-comedy which played beyond the exit of the theatre would be somehow more endurable because it had once been fully made part of one. Here was the "more life and fuller" which would give strength.

In truth *The Seagull* is a lovely lyric thing. Externally a study of a little group of people foregathered at a Russian country house, with little story and no "plot"; beneath

that an exposition of that tragedy of unsatisfied human hope and yearning, and that deeper tragedy of fulfilled (and, therefore, unsatisfied) human hope which Tchechov has made his own. Behind, and above all, the symbol of the seagull—the splendid thing brought low, the winged thing lying dead—stands, not only for the life of Nina, but surely for all these lives and for all human existence as we know it. Tchechov is not out to soothe us with any easily manufactured philosophy; he is not out to comfort our weakness, but rather to make us strong by contact with the truth, as the Spartan mothers exposed their boys to the cold so that only the strong should live. The whips of Tchechov's scorn and satire are directed against those who live on illusion, and yet his great understanding pity is for them, too. As we laugh at or weep with these people in *The Seagull*, as we watch them spilling life and love, we are brought to the starkest realism of futility. The play expresses, as only Tchechov can, that philosophy of agnosticism which is the operating creed of our generation; it will not turn to any palliative of romanticism or religion or economic salvation as a way out of an intellectual and spiritual impasse. And yet, and yet . . . Here in the depths Tchechov can find the fount of power in the unquenchable desire to be and to continue even though that spells suffering. There could be perfect happiness, perfect poise, a universe at peace with itself, the universe of Konstantin's play, but it is a state beyond humanity. To live is to suffer, to be defeated, to be disillusioned, but at least it is life.

So Tchechov revalues our values, and so he gives us the truth which makes us free. With humour and a surface play of amusement he is able to put this to us. Indeed, his method is to place before us a microcosm of life, just lightly underlying the direction of his own understanding of it, and assuming that we are adult in intelligence as he is. To have my viewpoint, says the great artist, you must have my stature. It is something of this exaltation of spirit which is compensation for the lack of the *naiveté* which seems to stand one's fellows in such good stead. If there be any hierarchy in the things of the mind and spirit the task of criticism is to attempt to establish that hierarchy.

The Grand Fleet Through Russian Eyes

By Lieut.-Comdr. J. H. Pollen

COMMODORE G. VON SCHOULTZ, a "Finn with a German name" as he describes himself, is certainly a master of observation. Throughout his service as Russian Naval Attaché with the Grand Fleet during the war he must have filled a myriad of notebooks; he saw all there was to see, nothing appears to have escaped his observant eye, nothing was too trivial to find a place on his ever-handy tablets.

In his book, "With the British Battle Fleet,"* he has made the most of the mass of material he collected and has succeeded in showing us a picture of life in the Grand Fleet at war that has probably no equal.

We are all more or less familiar with the main events of the naval war, but they stand out in our minds against the blurred background of the seaman's daily life, something we know but cannot picture clearly, something seen through a haze of mystery.

Commodore von Schoultz etches in this background with the hand of a master, and every stroke tells of the daily round of the sailor's life, of his trials and tribulations, of his ceaseless battle with the elements, of his high endeavour to fit himself and his ship for the coming struggle, and of the tireless efforts, when the day's work is done, to supply those recreations and amusements so essential to maintain the spirits of officer and man alike, to combat the boredom, the monotony, the eternal sameness of life. The picture is vivid and very interesting, for it can only be found here, where the stranger hand touches upon those little details that seem to us too trivial to mention, but that go so far to give a true impression.

* "With the British Battle Fleet," by Commodore G. von Schoultz. Hutchinson & Co., 1925. Illustrated. 24s. net.

The routine at sea and in harbour, the drills and exercises, the sweeps, manœuvres and practices, the weather, the scenery ashore, the games and competitions, boxing, cinema shows on board, and theatricals; our observant author saw them all, noted them all. Even the quips and sallies of some seafaring Robey are here displayed; a note is made of the seaman's taste in newspapers, "the illustrated publications like the *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Sketch*, and *Sunday Pictorial* were favourites, *in the order given.*" Nor does Commodore von Schoultz confine himself to his observations of life at sea. During his occasional visits to London and to Petrograd his eyes were busy noting how the civil populations were bearing the strain of war, with the result that his pages are interspersed with many a glimpse of those far-off days of rations and air raids that we lived through, and are in danger of forgetting. The book then is an admirable survey of the daily round, the shoals and shallows as it were, but on the high seas it fails: the deeps have been better sounded.

The author is a profound student of naval history, who has had no opportunity of putting his lessons to the test, with the result that his views on the larger issues of the war are more theoretical than practical. He criticizes somewhat severely the strategy of both British and German admiralties in their conduct of the war, forgetting, perhaps, how greatly changed are the conditions and how little was known of the effect of these changes on naval war. He is "all-out" for the offensive policy—neck or nothing—and it is on what he considers lack of offensive policy that he bases his strictures.

But Commodore von Schoultz has other criticisms. He complains bitterly because the Admiralty made no attempt to force the Baltic, and because it maintained what he describes as "the starvation blockade."

Representing Russia as he did, the author was obsessed with the idea of forcing the Baltic: admirable strategy could the Baltic have been kept open, but utterly impossible with the German Fleet in being. Nor would any attempt thereat necessarily have compelled the High Sea Fleet to accept battle before its own time. In those confined waters, German small craft with mine

and torpedo would have found the ideal conditions for that war of attrition so essential to reduce the British Fleet until their own could meet it upon equal terms.

As for the "starvation blockade," we are told that it was "cruel and iniquitous." But all war is "cruel," and when our author's arguments are more thoroughly sifted we find that he is not entirely disinterested in his humanity, for he is evidently of the questionable opinion that our blockade was responsible for much misery in Russia. The causes of that, however, are otherwise and not far to seek. He stigmatizes as iniquitous the fact that "coal, oil, and other fuels, cellulose, and other raw materials which could, if necessary, be used in the manufacture of explosives . . ." were treated as contraband because, according to his reading of it, it was contrary to international law. Here he will find few to agree with him, for these are the very sinews of war, munitions in embryo, and munitions have always been contraband.

However, in another sentence his whole case against the blockade is given away. "In earlier wars," he writes, "the stronger fleet did not blockade the enemy coast in order to exhaust the civil population but to compel its fleet to leave the security of its bases and fight the blockading fleet in the open sea." But was not this precisely the rôle played by our blockade in the German war? There is no doubt about it. It was the blockade that forced the High Sea Fleet to sea and brought about the Battle of Jutland. To counter this obvious anomaly the author would have us believe that it was our demonstrations in the Kattegat that brought Admiral Scheer to sea upon that momentous day.

Unfortunately Commodore von Schoultz seems to have written his account of the Battle of Jutland some years ago, and he does not appear ever to have revised it in the light of what is now common knowledge. The late Sir Julian Corbett* wrote: "With the indefinite postponement of unrestricted submarine warfare, the bulk of the 'U' boats could be used against the armed forces of the enemy, while offensive action of some kind against us at sea was imperative if the German Navy was to justify its existence in the eyes of the people. A disillusioned nation

* "Official Naval History," vol. iii, p. 321.

which had borne the heavy burden of creating it was groaning under the increasing severity of the blockade and calling ominously for retaliation." It was Admiral Scheer who was forced by the blockade to plan some kind of a demonstration, and it was only because the British Admiralty, by divers methods, discovered his plans at the last moment, that the Grand Fleet was able to cut him off and bring him to action, albeit not in sufficient time to complete the business. The fact that Admiral Jellicoe was planning a somewhat similar coup at the same time was "pure coincidence,"* and although in the early days after the war it was generally supposed that there was some connection between these two opposing operations, the point has long since been entirely cleared up, both in the Official Naval History, and in the Admiralty Narrative.†

In this and many other points, Commodore von Schoultz's account of the battle and his reflections thereon are at variance with the established facts.

Nevertheless, he has given us a very readable book, chiefly interesting by reason of its minute observations of Grand Fleet life, rendered in a simple but telling style, and permeated by an obvious affection for the men with whom he served so long.

* "Official Naval History, vol. iii, p. 321.

† "Narrative of the Battle of Jutland." Supplied for the public service. H.M. Stationery Office, 1924, p. 6.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON: SOME UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS FROM THE BOWOOD PAPERS. Edited by the EARL OF KERRY. Constable. One guinea net.

THIS handsome publication will stand out amongst the immense mass of Napoleonic literature, overflowings from which from time to time reach this country. Though, as the editor modestly pleads, the matter which he prints may not amount to more than "curious sidelights," it is certainly illuminating in a high degree, and could not have been more ably handled. As will be seen from the genealogical table appended to the volume, the contributors of the most important documents and letters were connected by marriage with the Lansdowne family, from whose archives also come the originals of the illustrations.

The Comte de Flahault, great-grandfather of Lord Kerry, was aide-de-camp of Napoleon I from 1813 till the end of his active career, and had served in his army from his early youth. From him come various conversations with, and letters from, the great man, besides letters of his own, the most interesting of which relate to the period of the first abdication and the Hundred Days. Flahault's letters to his mother (Madame de Souza) have convinced the editor of the baselessness of the story of the fallen emperor's attempted suicide, which was accepted on somewhat meagre evidence, and popularized by Thiers. During the second Empire the ex-aide-de-camp corresponded with that historian with regard to his representation of the part played by Ney and Grouchy in the Waterloo campaign, and maintained that, contrary to several authorities, Thiers was right in asserting that Napoleon had manifested his old rigour and capacity in the final scene. He also defended his dead chief from the strictures of Marshal Marmont, being especially at pains to refute, from the testimony of one who had been at his side throughout, the charge that Napoleon had after the day was lost suffered from panic. It is a pity that one who enjoyed such opportunities did not leave full memoirs. Flahault lived to serve Napoleon III, and became a link between the two Empires. His mother contributes an appreciation of her friend, the Empress Josephine, and a correspondence with her quondam admirer, Napoleon III's father, who had been Flahault's first colonel. Madame de Souza was also the medium of her son's liaison with King Louis' wife, the fruit of which was the stock-jobbing Duc de Morny; and Lord Kerry has, with patient acumen, unveiled the ingenious camouflage of names employed in this correspondence, which is second only in interest to the documents which concern the first Napoleon.

The contents of the volume include also the Journal and Letters of Admiral Viscount Keith (soon to become Flahault's father-in-law), who had charge of Napoleon's person between the time of his escape from France and his deportation to St. Helena, and some letters written from that island by the wife of Admiral Malcolm (in naval command of the Cape station) to various members of the Keith-Elphinstone family, including the future Comtesse de Flahault.

Among the illustrations, which give additional interest to the book, are the reproduction, in colour, of a handsome Isabey miniature of

Napoleon, the representation of a handkerchief of the Emperor, purloined from the *Bellerophon*, and a facsimile of an autograph letter from Bonaparte to Talleyrand, congratulating him on his appointment as Foreign Minister of the Directory.

KABUKI: THE POPULAR STAGE OF JAPAN. By ZOË KINCAID. Macmillan & Co. 42s. net.

FROM a purely literary point of view, this interesting book leaves something to be desired. It gives one the impression here and there that the author's style and method of treatment of the subject are not quite up to the level of its importance. To put it more frankly, it would seem that, in her enthusiastic eagerness to make the National Theatre of Japan known to the Western world, Zoë Kincaid has, at times, written carelessly and in haste. The repetition of phrases and arguments noticeable in various parts of the work justifies the assumption that portions of it were written, during the author's long residence in Tokyo, for the Press. A certain *naïveté* of thought and artlessness of expression, in themselves not unpleasing, serve also to confirm the impression of one eager to discharge a heartfelt mission, and more concerned with the matter than the manner of the message.

The message is undoubtedly worth giving and, on the whole, well given. As in every art to which they have put their hands, the Japanese have devoted to the technique and traditions of their stage a world of self-denying discipline and indefatigable industry. Despite centuries of isolation and repression the hereditary actor-families, whose names are household words in Japan, have made the national drama a living thing of beauty and a vital part of the daily life of the people. The author's aim in this volume is to describe the evolution of the Kabuki, or popular (as distinct from the classical) stage in Japan and to explain the significance and artistic values of its ceremonials, play-forms, technical devices and conventions. To this task she brings not only a very sincere enthusiasm, but the special knowledge of an expert who has studied the subject on the spot for years. Particularly interesting are the descriptions which she gives of the Spartan training from childhood of Kabuki actors, and her account of the lives of the successive Danjuros and other great actors who have handed down the sacred lamp of their art from one generation to another since the seventeenth century.

The volume is fittingly illustrated with numerous portraits of the notables of the Japanese stage in their most famous rôles. From these portraits even the uninitiated Western reader can form an idea of the grace, dignity and infinite variety with which these men have adorned their profession.

J. O. P. BLAND.

A GALLERY OF CHILDREN. By A. A. MILNE; pictured by H. W. LE MAIR. Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

MILNE and Le Mair are as well matched as Gilbert and Sullivan—the tiny note of extravaganza in his sweet little comedies is echoed in this clever young Dutch lady's very dainty decorations—together they make one of those books which innumerable parents, uncles, and aunts will deeply appreciate and perhaps find some difficulty in parting with, "She's too young, you know," or "I'll read them one at bedtime"—just

the quality which we all love in books for the young. Of Mr. Milne's charm of manner it is now unnecessary to speak; sufficient to say that these twelve little sketches are full of his whimsical grace. Miss Willebeek Le Mair is rather of the tradition of Boutet de Monvel who, in turn, perhaps, derived from China; it is not the school of prettiness so much as of character and beauty of design and tender colour, not in any sense extravagant, but very refined and gracious. The type-page, too, and indeed, the whole get-up of this book is inviting, and children in their better moments will unconsciously appreciate the beauty of graciousness which is so admirably conveyed by pen and brush.

ART.

THE ART OF THE PRINTER. By STANLEY MORISON. Ernest Benn. 30s.

A VOLUME of examples without precepts, for Mr. Morison presents no less than 250 specimens of good title and text-pages in this rather fine quarto without comment other than titles and dates. Since he is himself so fine a craftsman, one inclines to regret that he has not analysed the examples, and taken the opportunity to state the root principles of his art, and also that he has stopped at William Morris (save for four somewhat unpleasing French pages). The revival of printing during this century has borne excellent results; these plates clearly show the great tradition from which it derives, and thus fulfil the function desired by their compiler.

FICTION.

LADY. By CHRIS MASSIE. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

WE do not believe in "Lady" herself, the tragic slum girl heroine of this book, nor exactly in Robin her mentor and lover. The rest of the characters and their environment are drawn from life with a bitter and understanding realism; these two are creations of an idealist. This mixture in Chris Massie's literary make-up gives the book its individuality. The realism is unforgettable and would be unbearable but for the satire, the poetry, and the humanity with which the author invests it. So we read the book for its pictures of Rosemary Street, Shoreditch, for the author's comments on social affairs and human character, for the sketch of the trenches at La Boisselle and the idyll of John Fleming that blossomed there; and we accept the story of Abigail who rose from the dirt of the slum and was called Lady, even though we do not believe she would say: "Pity me with a wise pity, knowing that I am paying the price to be something finer for you, something better for the worst thing that could have happened to me," and even though we are not convinced by the final tragedy. "Lady" is a fine book; big enough and nobly enough conceived and executed to bear the faults incidental to its own mixture of literary method.

QUEEN'S FOLLY. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

AT discreet intervals we get from Mr. Weyman stories built upon the sound old plan, fulfilling all the unities and compelling our respect as well as our interest. He restores for us a period with such meticulous accuracy of fact and allusion, that it titillates our connoisseurship whilst engaging our sympathy with the human emotions thus admirably dressed and

staged. In this book the human appeal is a particularly tender one as the story deals with the experiences of a young and timidly-brave girl, who leaves a humble home to become a governess in a great house. The story is written with completeness and charm, and adds one more to Mr. Stanley Weyman's list of capital books.

COLIN II. By E. F. BENSON. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

FAUST in modern dress is as bad and as good as Hamlet in plus fours —both themes are eternal, but, somehow, they go better with trunk hose. The ancestor in Mr. Benson's book, who made the pact with the Devil for self and family, was Elizabethan, and apparently had Gloriana for his Marguerite—one can believe anything about these distant days—but Colin II, a beautiful young man, who sees his elder brother drown with delight, and in spite of the deuce, rescues his own son from a like fate; possibly because he had the title and estate safely in his keeping; who is going to be redeemed from Satanism by the love of his beautiful young wife, but eventually only funks into decency; a maliciously abnormal person with a lust for refined cruelty, somehow doesn't sufficiently convince to be truly interesting. Mr. Benson's art is so sane and complete that one feels he is rather wasting his gifts in painting this picture. The workmanship is full of charm, and the early part of the book, which only exhibits laughing malice opposed to indomitable love and faith is not only beautifully done, but full of promise for an enthralling contest between the powers of darkness and light—but, somehow, the author's grasp is relaxed when the later incidents come to be told—he dares not enough to thrill; there is too long a spoon when we sup with the Devil, and one feels that redemption comes by accident rather than by power.

16 TO 21. By ROBIN DOUGLAS. A. M. Philpot. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a very remarkable book for a boy of twenty-one to have written; remarkable enough that he should have had the experiences of abject misery, loneliness, and the darker side of London life to tell about, but the art with which it is done is more remarkable still. There are perhaps passages which don't quite lie in plane with its generally high level, and the conclusion is a little tame and unconvincing—as fact often has a habit of being—but it is easy to predict that this born writer will use in romance the knowledge that he may achieve amongst actualities—may his future years be more happy if less eventful than those of his variegated adolescence.

POETRY.

THE COMING OF THE MOON. An anthology compiled by E. M. LIDDELL. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 6s.

THE idea of an anthology of quiet poems is a welcome one even in an age when there tends to be too many anthologies. The selection of these "quiet poems, such as one might read to a sleepless patient," as the editor says in the note at the beginning is an arbitrary one governed only by the charm of soothing sound and peace of intention. It includes many lovely things and very little which is in any way unworthy. Every period including the present is represented, and the inclusion of many poems from copyright books adds value to the collection.

BOOKS

NURSERY VERSERIES AND DRAWINGS. By EMILE JACOT. Noel Douglas. 2s. 6d.

THESE neat little jingles with their neatly-framed outline drawings, have the quality of quaintness to such a degree as to charm by their curious novelty. Some of the verses have the true nursery spirit of statement, and others almost verge upon poetry, but there is enough catchiness in all of them to interest and linger; whilst the drawings, after the surprise of their novelty has worn off, will probably suggest a splendid chance for the paintbox—quite a pleasing novelty.

OXFORD POETRY, 1925. Blackwell. 3s. 6d.

"HYSTERIA, guide us!" is the prayer—uttered in the first few lines of this collection of undergraduate verse—of the contributor whom the book's entrancingly sententious preface describes as the "beloved and magnanimous *duce* of poets"! And Hysteria, triumphing over Beauty and Art, has graciously answered and guided her self-appointed protégé, together with less subservient children, into a nightmare of rare and meaningless words more or less metrically conglomerated, or into such "phantasmagoria," so to call them, as:

> "Chrysallic faces, garlic, myosote,
> And rows of beans and artichokes, a field
> Interminably patterned, jigged and reeled
> Along the corridors of memory."

Another contributor, describing his own development from extreme youth when, he tells us, he "gazed overmuch into the Ultimate," declares more ingenuously, perhaps, than truthfully:

> "But I got over that, being no fool,
> And made a shrill cult of the Beautiful",

which ironically reveals the explanation of this annual issue of an assemblage of strange stuff which the compilers like to call poetry.

A boy with a fancy for literary expression leaves a disciplined, comparatively orderly public school to go to the university, to be plunged into a totally different kind of community and a joyously irresponsible life in which he is no longer under the thumb of contemporary elders and traditions. He at once supposes himself to have become a Man of the World, a Somebody already in being, who may hold up his head and his notions on Life (with a colossal L), and on this and that absorbing topic—sex, for instance. He is elated into mystic skies by this new sense of his own significance, independence, maturity, and wide experience (eight weeks of it!) of contact with the World. And a plenteous fund of new, varied, and uncomprehended emotions struggle to find expression in the grand language that alone, he supposes, befits his exalted situation.

But in course of time things may take on a more rational aspect in his eyes. He may realize that in his first terms "up" he was considerably younger than he is now, younger by more than is indicated by mere passage of years, young and wonderfully blind. And when he chances to find his past efforts at self-expression he may have "got over" those quaint ideas and obsessions, and will throw the stuff into the fire with a chuckle of good humoured, self-deprecatory amusement.

Otherwise, it is to be feared, he will read and revise them with a very solemnly critical eye, and send them and later effusions to the compilers of "Oxford Poetry, 1926."

Britain and the New Zealand Market

By Stratton Walker

(On Page 894)

Empire Notes

THE Empire breathed an audible sigh of relief when the result of the Australian elections was made known.

The Voice of Australia

Stimulated partly by the prospect of having to pay £2 for failure to record their votes, the electors of the Commonwealth turned out in record numbers, about 90 per cent. of the electorate having voted on the issue of whether Parliament or the trade unions (in many cases under Communist control) were to govern the country. There is no lack of emphasis in the response to Mr. Bruce's appeal, and with large majorities in both Houses, he will be expected to carry out with resolution the policy for which he has obtained an unequivocal mandate.

No stable administration seems possible in Canada without another general election, the voters of the Dominion having produced a situation not unlike that which existed in this country after the general election of 1923, which led to the formation of the Labour Government. Mr. Mackenzie King has, however, some chance of temporary survival, and he has decided to meet Parliament, although he and

Canadian Stalemate

eight of his Ministers went down at the polls. The Progressives may agree to give qualified support to the Liberal administration for a time in order to avoid a fresh dissolution, which would be inevitable if they combined with the Conservatives to eject the King government, since Mr. Meighen could hardly take office unless he were assured of an immediate dissolution. The position is altogether anomalous, as the Quebec contingent, which supplies Mr. King with more than half his supporters, is driven by its hatred of conscription and fear of "Imperialism" to vote with the low tariff party, although it is protectionist by conviction. The parallel with the alliance between British Liberals and Irish Nationalists in pre-war days suggests itself. With 117 seats out of 244 the Canadian Conservatives would have to capture at least seven or eight more seats to provide Mr. Meighen with a clear working majority, and it is not easy to see where he is going to get them in view of the almost total failure of the Conservative attack on Quebec.

Mr. Coates' Triumph

MR. COATES, the young Prime Minister of New Zealand, has scored a remarkable personal triumph, his party securing fifty-five out of the eighty seats in the New Zealand House of Representatives. No such majority has been obtained in the Dominion since "King Dick" Seddon swept all before him twenty years ago. Labour, with thirteen seats—a net loss of three—becomes the official Opposition, this resulting from a net loss of ten seats by the Liberals. New Zealand is thus assured of a stable government for some time to come under a Premier who fought gallantly in the trenches during the Great War. Prohibition has again been defeated by the combined votes of those who favour continuance of the present policy and those supporting State purchase and control.

The East African Loan

THE British Government having decided to adopt the recommendation of the East African Commission regarding the guaranteeing of a loan, not to exceed £10,000,000, for providing improved transport facilities in East Africa, it is hoped that the necessary Parliamentary sanction will be given before the Christmas recess. The Zambezi bridge, which is the most urgently needed of all the proposed works, must be treated separately, as it is not in British territory and will

form part of a company-owned system, but negotiations are in progress, and there is some hope that they will be satisfactorily concluded in time to permit of action being taken concurrently with the passage of the Loan Bill. In that event it should be possible to begin work on the bridge before the middle of next year. Meanwhile the silting up of the Zambezi ferry is giving cause for anxiety.

"Hereeniging" in South Africa

AN interesting movement, which may lead to a radical regrouping of parties in the Union of South Africa, seems to be gathering force. The Right Wing of the Nationalists is becoming increasingly restive at the association with Labour, and much discussion of the possibility of a reunion (*hereeniging*) with the South African Party has been taking place, both openly and in secret. General Smuts has made it clear that although he would be quite willing to efface himself in the national interest, there can be no question of any surrender of its principles, unconditional or otherwise, by the South African Party. Mr. Tielman Roos, the Minister of Justice and the chief apostle of republicanism and secession, is doing his best to queer the pitch for reunion by his extravagant and tactless speeches. It is interesting to recall that the now much-mellowed General Hertzog was compelled to resign the same portfolio as that now held by Mr. Tielman Roos when he (the Prime Minister) was a member of the Botha Cabinet a year or two before the Great War. That reunion is not immediately in prospect seems clear from the appointment of such a strong Left Wing Labour leader as Mr. Walter Madeley to be the eleventh member of the Cabinet, an addition for which power was obtained during the last session of Parliament. Yet this development will probably enhance the desire of the moderate Nationalists to terminate the alliance with Labour, and may, indeed, hasten the coming of a *rapprochement* with the South African Party.

Control of Rhodesian Railways

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. D. HAMMOND'S report on the railway position in Southern Rhodesia, which was recently published, absolves the railway companies controlled by the British South Africa Company from the charges of "watering" capital and levying excessive rates that have been brought against them by critics. The capitalization

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The Southern Rhodesian Government (in conjunction with the Imperial Government) affords assistance to approved new settlers. The assistance includes:

Cash grant towards steamship fare.
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Payment of purchase price of Government land may be spread over 19½ years commencing 3 years from date of occupation.

The Land Settlement Officer, High Commissioner's Office (for 15 years with Department of Agriculture, Southern Rhodesia), will interview prospective settlers at any time or by appointment.

Address Enquiries:
SECRETARY,
HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTHERN RHODESIA,
Crown House,
Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

per mile of track is shown to be much lower than that of other British built railways in Africa, and if rates are in some cases high, it is the paucity of the traffic that must be blamed. General Hammond recommends that the Southern Rhodesian Government should endeavour to reach an agreement with the British South Africa Company under which three-quarters of any surplus revenue (over and above the amount required to meet the service of debentures, income tax, renewals, pension liability, and an agreed reasonable rate of interest on share capital) should be allocated to rate reductions, the remaining one-quarter to be retained by the companies as an inducement to render good service. A subsequent speech by Mr. Downie, the Minister for Agriculture, leaves little doubt that the Colonial Government will seek to come to terms with the railways on this basis. General Hammond strongly urges the necessity for immediate extension of cargo handling facilities at Beira, and the construction without further delay of deep water wharves. It is clear that he favours concentration on the improvement of the Beira route, rather than seeking fresh outlets in other directions.

Britain and the New Zealand Market

By Stratton Walker

It is claimed by many otherwise well-informed persons in the Mother Country that the New Zealand Customs preferences are more apparent than real, and that their abolition would not materially affect British trade. They assert that the tariffs have been framed primarily with the object of stimulating local industries, thereby shutting out British goods, and that the additional duty levied on similar goods of foreign manufacture is in reality no preference at all. Whatever may be the truth of this belief as applied to other parts of the Empire, it most certainly does not hold good in regard to New Zealand. There can be no doubt that if preference on British goods were abolished in New Zealand, British trade with that Dominion would fall very considerably.

In spite of tariff preferences, Great Britain, though still far ahead of her competitors in this market, seems to be losing the position she held in 1900, or even in 1910. Such a condition of affairs should receive the earnest attention of statesmen both in the United Kingdom and in New Zealand.

Below is an analysis of New Zealand's import and export trade for the year ended March last :—

Total Imports.	Origin.	Percentage.
£23,522,840	United Kingdom.	47·2
13,408,123	Other British countries.	26·9
12,890,132	Foreign countries.	25·9

Total Exports.	Destination.	Percentage.
£43,681,219	United Kingdom.	79·8
3,851,432	Other British countries.	7·0
7,238,507	Foreign countries.	13·2

The relative positions for previous years have been :—

Year.	Imports from— United Kingdom. %	Other British Countries. %	Foreign Countries. %
1900	61·9	24·1	14·0
1910	60·1	25·5	14·4
1915	54·6	26·1	19·3

Year.	Exports to— United Kingdom. %	Other British Countries. %	Foreign Countries. %
1900	78·7	16·0	5·3
1910	83·5	11·3	5·2
1915	84·4	9·6	6·0

It will be noted that although New Zealand sold to the United Kingdom 79·8 per cent. of its total exports in 1924–25, it purchased from the United Kingdom only 47·2 per cent. of its total imports.

A substantial proportion of British manufactured goods enter the Dominion duty free, but New Zealand levies an average customs duty of 20 per cent. *ad valorem* on other goods imported into the Dominion from the British Empire, and, by way of preference to the Empire, a further *ad valorem* duty of from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. is levied on goods imported from foreign countries. For example, boots and shoes manufactured within the Empire and imported into New Zealand pay a duty of 25 per cent., while those imported from a foreign country pay 45 per cent. British goods, therefore, enjoy a substantial preference.

The advent of the motor-car considerably affected the position of British imports to New Zealand. The British percentage of New Zealand's imports of motors, spare parts and benzine, has declined from 57·9 in 1905 and 68·2 in 1910, to 10 in 1924, the values last year being : £659,745 from the United Kingdom, and £5,962,053 from other countries. It is possible that one of the reasons for the loss of British trade in motor-cars is to be found in British legislation. It has been stated recently by leading statesmen and business men that the solution of the problem of trade stagnation in Great Britain must be found outside Parliament and by manufacturers them-

selves. Perhaps the British Parliament itself, with the best intentions in the world, dealt a blow to the motor industry, under which it still staggers, when it passed legislation levying taxation on owners of motor vehicles on a horse-power basis. The annual tax based on horse-power may not be entirely to blame for the decline in exports of British motor vehicles, but without a doubt it has been a factor in that loss.

To meet this legislation British manufacturers concentrated their energies on producing a type of car which has proved satisfactory to British users, but apparently is not popular with users in New Zealand. Until the position is realized by British manufacturers and a car is produced which will suit both English and oversea conditions, the present preference for non-British cars will doubtless continue. It should be borne in mind that the output of a well-equipped factory controls costs. The loss of the oversea markets must lessen the output of British factories, and the cost price of each car must accordingly be greater.

As New Zealand sells the bulk of her products to the United Kingdom, anything that affects the trade of the United Kingdom affects New Zealand. New Zealanders, therefore, are almost as seriously concerned in the conditions existing in Great Britain as the people who live in the United Kingdom. It is of vital importance for the welfare of that Dominion that tariffs should be so framed that, while giving local industries a fair measure of protection, they should not bear unduly on the commercial activities of the United Kingdom. It must never be forgotten that if New Zealand is to hold and increase her exports to Britain, she must on her part take British goods in exchange. New Zealand has been called "The Dairy Farm of the Empire," just as the United Kingdom has been called "The Workshop of the Empire." If the "Dairy Farm" is to flourish it is essential that the "Workshop" be kept busy.